

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 786.



DEC. 20, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

190

\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE

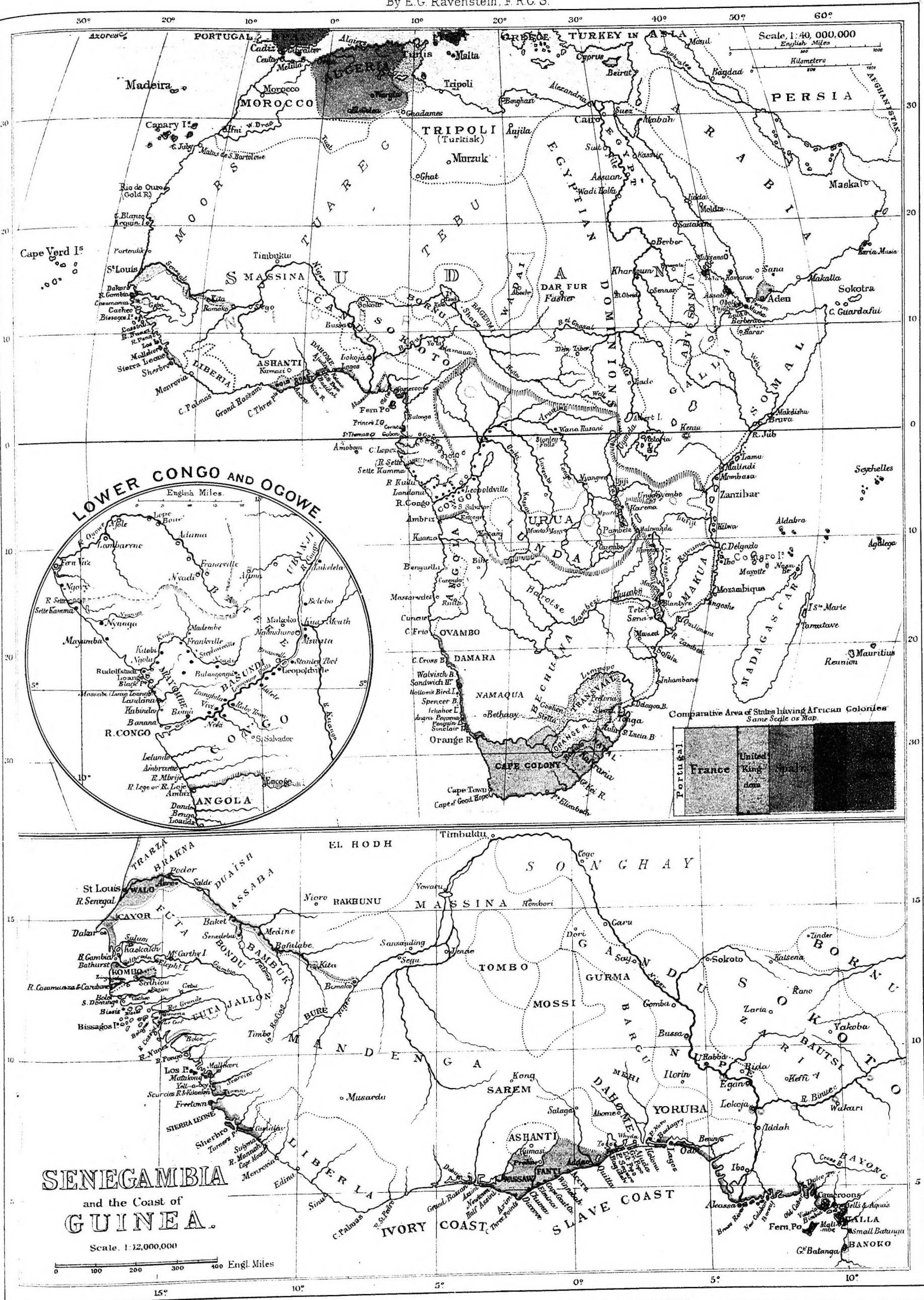




# THE GRAPHIC MAP

## OF EUROPEAN POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.

By E.G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S.





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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 785.—VOL. XXV.  
*Registered as a Newspaper*

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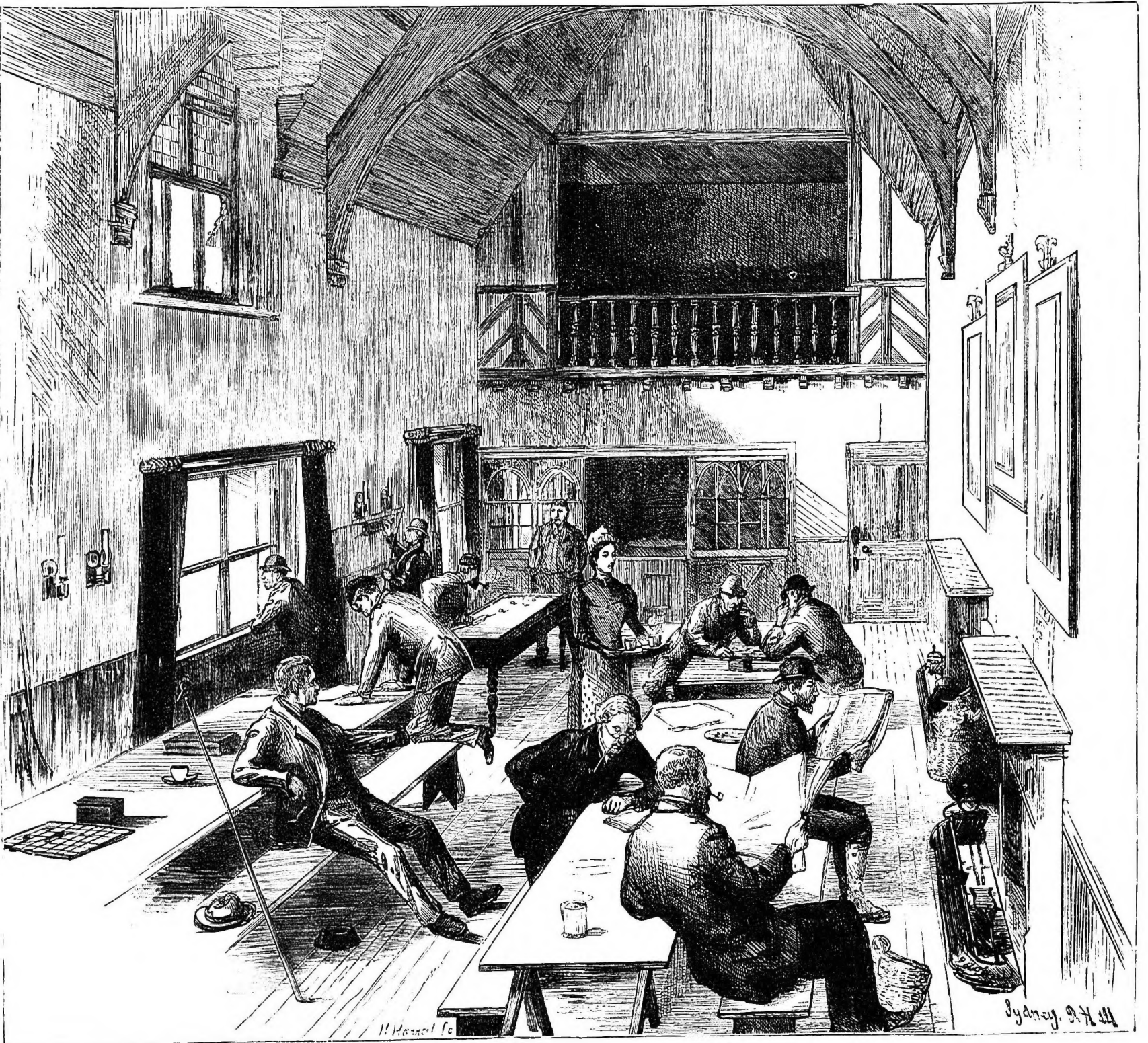
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
*By Post Ninepence Halfpenny*



EXTERIOR



INTERIOR

THE SANDRINGHAM CLUB, WEST NEWTON, NORFOLK

*This Club has been Established by the Prince of Wales for Men and Lads Above the Age of Fourteen who are Working on the Sandringham Estate*



## Topics of the Week

**DYNAMITARDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.**—There is a certain amount of gloomy consolation to be derived from the fact that though other nations are not burdened with such a troublesome, impracticable set of people as a great many of the Irish are, yet they have plenty of malcontents of their own. It may be observed also that the outrages committed or planned by Continental Anarchists have been of a more ferocious and determined order than ours. The reason for this, no doubt, is that the grievances of the revolutionists abroad (at all events in Russia) are far more real and genuine than those of the Irish malcontents. The only actual grievance felt by the Irish at the present time (and this is not felt by the industrious law-respecting part of the population) is that they form an integral part of the noblest Empire the world has ever seen, and that they are obliged occasionally to defer to the opinions of their partners in the firm which founded that Empire. Nevertheless, the Nationalists desire to cut themselves adrift from this glorious heritage, and they seek to accomplish their object in various ways, and with diverse degrees of unscrupulousness. Seditious newspapers, inflammatory speeches, deliberately-planned obstruction and annoyance in Parliament, are some of the weapons of their warfare; while the bolder spirits resort to downright outrage, as in the Metropolitan Railway and London Bridge explosions. We still think (and trust our surmise is correct) that these mischief-makers, bad as they are, do not absolutely wish to kill or mutilate human beings. Their aim is to worry and terrify John Bull rather in his public than his private capacity. Owing to international hindrances, and the peculiar nature of the crime, the police may very likely never capture either the perpetrators or the planners. There is therefore all the more reason for saying plainly that the entire Nationalist faction are responsible. The leaders of that faction, several of whom sit in Parliament as representatives of large sections of the Irish people, could, if they pleased, stop these outrages. But they have never shown a sign of trying to do so; if they have now and then uttered a word of rebuke, it has been feeble and insincere.

**A TEACHING UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.**—The movement for the establishment of a Teaching University in London deserves the cordial sympathy and support of all who are genuinely interested in the development of our educational system. University College, King's College, and the various bodies which undertake to give instruction in medicine and law, have done, of course, much splendid work; but far more important results might be accomplished if the means at our disposal were organised in connection with one great institution. The higher education would be made less costly; it would be brought within the reach of larger classes; and the new University would have no difficulty in securing the services of eminent scholars and men of science. The most formidable difficulties with which the advocates of the scheme will have to contend are likely to spring from the claims of the present University. It has been suggested that the two Universities might work side by side; but that would cause much confusion, and it would involve a considerable waste of energy. Why should not the object be attained by the transformation of the existing institution? It is objected that this is rendered impossible by the terms of the Charter of the University of London; but the obvious answer is that there is no particular reason why a new charter should not be obtained. If this were done, one of the best Universities in Europe might soon be at work; for there is no great City which offers so many facilities for study in every department of learning. Of course the new University would be modelled, not on the system of Oxford, but on that of the German and Scotch Universities. That is to say, instruction would be imparted only by means of public lectures, since it would be impossible without a vast expenditure to establish Colleges like those which have made Oxford and Cambridge famous; and, even if they were established, they could be of service only to the well-off classes, whose wants are already amply provided for.

**UNASSISTED PLAINTIFFS.**—There is something of trade unionism in the dead set which Bench, Bar, and Law journals have been making against litigants who conduct their own cases. A Judge told one of these persons that it was no part of his—the Judge's—business to assist suitors who were ignorant of the rules of procedure. It is a Judge's business to see justice done, and if this process involves the giving of advice to a person who cannot afford to employ lawyers, the Judge is bound to give that advice. Unassisted suitors are always being told, with very solemn shakes of the head, that they are wasting the public time; but the public time is never so extravagantly squandered as when a case is tried with an array of eminent counsel on both sides. Out of professional feeling the Judges sit silent and patient when firms of sharp solicitors, acting for suitors who can pay, bring up bands of heavily-briefed Q.C.'s and juniors, squads of experts, and troops of witnesses to spin out a case which, on its merits, could be disposed of in a couple of hours. How is a poor man to incur the expenses which most

solicitors declare to be absolutely necessary to insure success in a hard-fought cause—for instance, the retaining of counsel who are not to speak, but simply to be kept from appearing on the opposite side? On the other hand, seeing that young barristers commonly know very little of law, a man will often do much better by conducting his own case than by leaving it to a tyro who is sure to be beaten by his opponents' silk gowns. As to the procedure of our Courts, it stands in much need of simplification. Where is the sense of forbidding a suitor to cross-examine his own witness? As witnesses are not subpoenaed by the Court, a litigant who wants to put a certain witness in the box is compelled to call him if the other side will not do so, and he should be allowed to ask whatever reasonable questions may be required to elicit the truth.

**ANGRA PEQUEÑA.**—It is quite true that the British Foreign Office has not yet been heard in its own defence, but it is not likely that any statement can modify the effect of the disclosures of the German White Book. These disclosures show that the Gladstone Ministry have consistently maintained the reputation for blundering and mismanagement which they have won in Ireland, in the Transvaal, and in Egypt. In the Angra Pequena business there were two courses open to them, neither of which would have been unworthy of persons professing to be statesmen. They might have firmly resisted Prince Bismarck's pretensions, on the ground that the territory in question really appertained to the Cape Colony, and, moreover, that they did not choose to have a foreign Power located in a region already studded with political volcanoes. Or (in our opinion a wiser and a nobler course) they might have said to the great Chancellor, "We do not wish to be dogs-in-the-manger, we have already more territory than we can manage, the Germans are our cousins, they are excellent colonists, and they deserve to have a colony of their own: establish your settlement at Angra Pequena, and we will regard you as welcome neighbours." Our unlucky Government followed neither of these courses. They temporised and vacillated, they resisted just enough to anger Prince Bismarck, and after all yielded when the pinch came. Really, we begin to believe that Mr. Gladstone is a Grand Old Man. He has accomplished that which was deemed impossible. He has reconciled two deadly enemies, France and Germany, and their badge of fellowship is a common hatred for, and contempt of, England.

**MR. COURTNEY AND PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.**—Mr. Courtney is working hard to secure the triumph of the cause for the sake of which he withdrew from the Government; and certainly he is proving that he has one of the most important qualities of an agitator—an ardent faith in the efficacy of the scheme he advocates. In his address at Manchester on Tuesday he went so far as to say that if proportional representation were adopted "a miracle would be wrought throughout the kingdom." There would be, he declared, "a revival of life and a raising up of spirit where there is now listlessness, and intelligent interest in the national conduct where there is now apathy or repugnance." When that mysterious entity, "A Voice," exclaimed "No," Mr. Courtney retorted, "How small must be the experience of that man!" In these sceptical times it is refreshing to find a politician who believes that, after all, Utopia is a land not so very far off, and that we may reach it, if we will, simply by effecting a change in our method of conducting elections. It is to be feared that Mr. Courtney will have some difficulty in persuading Englishmen that "a miracle" may be so easily wrought. To most of them it seems that if his plan were adopted it would have at least one drawback, since all successful minorities would not be wise minorities, and some of their representatives would be apt to make themselves a nuisance by obstructing the course of public business. Apart from this objection, a great many people find it hard to understand what the scheme really is. For those who feel any such difficulty Mr. Courtney expresses the deepest contempt; but he ought to remember that even in the House of Commons his proposals were thought to be decidedly puzzling. He is not likely to make converts by telling those who cannot follow his exposition that he would "like to feel their bumps."

**THE CIRCULATING CENSORSHIP.**—The writers who have been raising an outcry against circulating libraries do not make out a clear grievance. These institutions are no State monopolies, but private establishments, and it must be presumed that their conductors do business on the usual plan of trying to suit the public taste. If the public demand be for books of a pure moral tone, so much the better, and if the managers of libraries are determined to make no effort to vitiate the public taste by forcing unpleasant books into circulation, who can blame them? The *Saturday Review* talks of Michel Lévy having by his one-franc publications freed French authors from the tyranny of the libraries. A pretty freedom! The example of French literature is the worst that could have been chosen to illustrate the advantages of the cheap book system, for since cheap books have killed the circulating libraries the French read much fewer instructive works than they formerly did, while novelists have been driven to seek for *succès de scandale* in order to command big sales. Besides, very few books are sold at a franc, as the *Saturday* seems to imagine. The common publishing price

for novels is 3fr. 50c., and that of other works—history, biography, and travel—remains almost as high as in England, varying from 7fr. 50c. to 20fr. For a guinea, then, the Frenchman can only get from four to six ordinary works, while for the same sum the English libraries will furnish throughout the year a constant supply of the best literature, according to the subscriber's taste. Nor is it true that the censorship of the libraries can kill a work of real merit because its tone is objectionable. Talent is always in demand, and is rather advertised than balked by being put into an *Index Expurgatorius*.

**VIVISECTION AND SURGERY.**—In this journal we have always endeavoured to take a moderate, and what we may venture to term a common-sense, view about vivisection. It is useless to argue with those persons who maintain that under no circumstances should scientific experiments be performed on living animals. But, on the other hand, we hold that such experiments should only be performed under careful regulations and restraints. Any one who has looked into the subject can perceive that there is a great difference between operations on live animals conducted for the purpose of ascertaining some unknown or doubtful physiological phenomenon, and operations conducted for mere curiosity or to illustrate to students some familiar anatomical fact. Before legal restraints were imposed, experiments for this latter purpose were by no means unknown in this country, and on the Continent, where public opinion is singularly callous on this subject, it was a common thing for a party of students to sit torturing a worn-out horse with their lancets, purely to learn facts which might have been acquired as well from a dead body. Just now the vivisectionists are jubilant, because a man has had a tumour successfully extracted from his brain, an operation which the surgeons would not have dared to perform had they not previously vivisected some rabbits and monkeys. The story is very conclusively told by "F. R. S." in Tuesday's *Times*, and should, we think, shake the prejudices of the thoroughgoing anti-vivisectionists. The chief lesson derivable from the incident is that the Home Office authorities should show more intelligence in their method of granting vivisectional licences. Instead of granting a hard-and-fast number yearly, and no more, they should refuse the privilege to no really *bona fide* investigator. The present arrangement drives scientific explorers, like keepers of betting offices, to the Continent.

**LORD DUFFERIN.**—Lord Dufferin has been very favourably received in India, and it is confidently expected that in his new sphere he will prove himself thoroughly worthy of his great reputation. His task is by no means an easy one. In some respects Lord Ripon was a very good Viceroy, for he had a sincere desire to conciliate the native population, and he acted wisely in laying the foundation of a system of local self-government. By the unfortunate Ilbert Bill, however, he created or revived antagonisms which it will be hard for his successor to allay. As for the other problems with which Lord Dufferin will have to deal, it must be hoped that their seriousness has been greatly exaggerated. According to some pessimistic observers, Russia is making rapid preparations for the invasion of India, and a large proportion of the people of India are ready to welcome her as their deliverer. Now, so many prophecies with regard to the action of Russia have turned out to be untrue, that most people have become rather sceptical about her supposed evil intentions. That she would try to conquer India if she thought that we should not offer a formidable resistance, is likely enough; but Russian statesmen know perfectly well that we should strain every nerve to maintain our hold over our great Dependency. It is true that Russia advances steadily towards our borders; but it does not follow that she will not be satisfied when she reaches a strong natural frontier. With regard to the natives of India, why should they wish to have the Czar rather than the Queen of England for their supreme ruler? They may think that our methods of government are not perfectly satisfactory, but they can hardly imagine that Russian methods would be better. On the whole, the condition of India seems to offer no ground for alarmist outcries; and Lord Dufferin may reasonably expect a just and firm policy, to undo any bad effects that may have been produced by Lord Ripon's imprudence.

**THE SLATE TRICK.**—"Is there any spirits here?" was the invocation of a female professional medium who had her hour of celebrity some twenty years ago; and the poor woman was often scandalised by facetious customers answering in a cavernous voice, through the dark, "Gin." Spiritism has not made much progress since the days of the late Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Gladstone's recent patronage of a spirit-writing performance has, by driving a good many people to investigate so-called "supernatural phenomena," merely caused these simple ones to throw their money into the hands of jugglers. Here is an account of a *séance* which took place this week. The medium charged two guineas, and he would only receive four people; he also declined to operate anywhere but in his own house. The room was not darkened, and a question having been written by one of the party on a slate that slate was locked and placed on the table. Presently there was some scratching, and on the slate being opened it was found that a vague answer had been scrawled. The answers given in subsequent experiments were always vague, sometimes absurd. Once a question was put in French to a



spirit who was declared to be present, and who in the flesh could speak French very well; but the reply came in the French of "Stratford-atte-Bow," or of Eglinton. The medium could not say why the "spirits" writing on slates were unable to use pen and ink; nor why they talked nonsense or spoke ungrammatical French. He had a train to catch at 10 P.M., and the "spirits" obligingly favoured his movements by wishing the company "good-night" at 9.15. The slate trick is certainly a curious one, but the attempt to connect it with the agency of the dead turns it into a vulgar hoax. It seems, however, to be a paying hoax.

**CHARITY.**—We use the word here in its ordinary sense, not in the sense of the New Testament translation (Authorised Version). In the ordinary sense, then, charity is perhaps the most difficult of all the Christian virtues to exercise, although it seems the easiest. Most of us are by nature lazy and idle, few of us would work (except at some congenial employment) if we could live without working, and the result of this well-known fact is that it is a hard matter to bestow alms without enfeebling the self-helping faculties of the recipient of our bounty. Cases often occur where some decent hard-working man, for whom a subscription has been raised to meet some pressing necessity, has thereby been permanently demoralised. How much more then must this be the case with the ordinary claimants for relief? They are usually persons not altogether bad, but more or less shiftless, idle, unenterprising, or imprudent. Then, again, beyond these people who are neither very worthy nor very worthless, the abundant stream of charity in this wealthy and kind-hearted country has raised up a whole army of rogues and impostors. Some of them seek aid from the various charitable societies; others, bolder and cleverer, start charitable societies on their own account. It was chiefly to cope with such nefarious agencies as these, and also to sift out deserving from undeserving cases, that the Charity Organisation Society was started. Not unnaturally, its proceedings have raised up enemies, and the other day, when the annual meeting took place, some disturbance occurred, owing to the members of a hostile association, the Charity Protection Society, striving to force their way in. One of these gentlemen styled the Charity Organisation Society "a mischievous and unhappy institution, whose principles were disastrous to the flow of charity." In our opinion he paid the Society an unintended compliment. It is just this "flow of charity" which causes so much of our social squalor and destitution. If there were no charitable agencies and no Poor Law, the exemption from calls on their purses might be morally bad for the well-to-do, but it is certain that people generally would be far more thrifty and self-reliant than they now are.

**PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.**—Although Prince Bismarck was much disappointed by the result of the recent General Election, it was thought by many Germans that he would have little difficulty in managing the new Parliament. This expectation has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, the present Reichstag is one of the most troublesome legislative bodies by which he has ever been confronted. It seems to take delight in thwarting him, and nobody would be greatly surprised if he soon made a fresh appeal to the constituencies. First of all, in direct opposition to his wishes, a large majority voted in favour of an important concession to the Roman Catholic Church. Then the House decided that its members ought to be paid. Next it declined to provide the Chancellor with an assistant at the Foreign Office, although he asserted in the strongest possible terms that an assistant was necessary for the proper transaction of public business. Prince Bismarck has been greatly irritated by these proceedings; and it must be admitted that, so far as his demand for an assistant is concerned, he has good reason to complain of the conduct of the Reichstag. The truth is that the political life of Germany is in a thoroughly unwholesome condition, and that there is not much chance of improvement as long as the present Parliamentary system is maintained. As Minister for Foreign Affairs, Prince Bismarck is admired by almost all his countrymen; as the director of domestic policy he has been unable to secure the perfect confidence of any considerable number of politicians. The consequence is that his opponents in the Reichstag are constantly tempted to avenge what they conceive to be their wrongs by combining against him when they have an opportunity of adding to his difficulties. The only effectual remedy would be to make the Chancellor, as the Prime Minister is in England, responsible to Parliament. Then the country would have a guarantee that its business would be conducted without serious friction between the Government and the Legislature. That this plan will be adopted sooner or later by Germany there can be no doubt; but the time has not yet come, nor will it come while Prince Bismarck is in office.

**THE FROG'S MARCH.**—Tender-hearted people who object to seeing a drunkard carried to the lock-up with his face downwards should consider what are the difficulties of the police in dealing with such creatures. Towards the tipsy sot who shows no fight the policeman is usually kind to a fault. If the man will but snore peaceably on a door-step, or roll himself up under a railway arch, the policeman will gladly pretend not to see him; and if the man will let himself be hoisted into a cab, and there hiccup out his address, the considerate guardian of the peace will speed him on his way, not without

some sighing envy to have "just a touch of his complaint." But when a drunkard is noisy and obstreperous, collects a crowd, and declines to move on, he has to be mastered somehow; and it would take half-a-dozen strong men to carry him off with his face skywards if he offered resistance. The madness of drink often doubles a man's strength; and a drunkard is really much more liable to injure himself—to say nothing of others—when he is borne off in a posture which allows him to make frantic exertions to free himself. The advantage of the Frog's March is that it paralyses resistance. Of course it is unpleasant for the drunkard; but then the drunkard, standing free and kicking on his hind legs, is unpleasant to the public. It is not a question of giving comfort to this gentleman, but of stopping his mischievous pranks, and the shortest way of controlling him—barring blows—is the best way.

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All New and Beautiful Songs, New Budget of Scramblingly Funny Stories, New Comic Sketches, New and Important Additions to the Great Company, 5,000 Seats. Price of Admission:—Fauiteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Great Area and Gallery, 2s. 6d. places, whence all can see with comfort, One Shilling.

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**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY and on CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m., and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.  
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Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road.  
Gaze's Tourist Offices, 12, Strand.  
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.  
Letts and Co., 33, King William Street, City.  
Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove.  
Lukins, "The Red Cap," 6, Camden Road.  
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers. These Two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.  
For further particulars see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.  
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. LONDON and NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.—ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

The Express Trains of the London and North Western Railway afford the most expeditious means of reaching the principal Towns in the North of England, the Midland Manufacturing Districts, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, including Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Chester, Dublin, Shrewsbury, Leamington, Wolverhampton, Preston, Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness. A last and frequent service of trains is run from London (Euston) to Birmingham (New Street) under 3 hours, London (Euston) to Manchester (London Road) under 4½ hours, London (Euston) to Liverpool (Lime Street) in 4½ hours. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains.

### WEST COAST ROUTE TO AND FROM SCOTLAND.

Direct Trains to and from London (Euston), Birmingham (New Street), Liverpool (Lime Street), Manchester (Exchange), &c., and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, and the North.  
PARCELS Special arrangements have been made for the quick transit and prompt delivery of Parcels and Christmas Presents, and THROUGH VANS will be run between London and all principal places by EXPRESS TRAINS for the accommodation of this traffic. Parcels should be addressed "Per L. and N.W. Ry."  
Single Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the conveyance to Euston Station of intending travellers.  
Charges.—For distances under 6 Miles, One Shilling per Mile. Minimum, Three Shillings. For distances over 6 Miles, or when Two Horses are used at the request of a Passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per mile.  
Euston Station, December, 1884. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

**NOTICE.**—With this week is issued, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a COLOURED MAP, showing the EUROPEAN POSSESSIONS in AFRICA, drawn by E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S.

**NOTICE.**—Next week we shall begin a short serial story, entitled "MATT," by ROBERT BUCHANAN, author of "The Shadow of the Sword," illustrated by Joseph Nash.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.



## THE SANDRINGHAM CLUB, WEST NEWTON, NORFOLK

The Sandringham Club was opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, November 8th, 1884, and came into use on the following day, the anniversary of the Prince's birthday. The Prince has made over for the use of the club, at a nominal rent of 20s. per annum, certain rooms in the house hitherto known as West Newton House. This is situated in West Newton, the parish contiguous with Sandringham. The two parishes make one living, of which the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey is the Rector, and the Rev. Ernest Haseltine is his curate.

The club is intended for the use of the men and lads above the age of fourteen who work on the Sandringham Estate, and is open on week days from 12 noon to 10 P.M., and on Sundays during the same period, excepting the hours of Divine Service at West Newton Church, close to which the Club stands. There is a valuable library of more than four hundred volumes given by the Prince. Tea, coffee, lemonade, ginger beer, and one pint of beer a day only are provided at a small charge. Smoking is allowed at all times and everywhere, excepting in the library, and the games include a bagatelle-table, chess, draughts, backgammon, dominoes, &c. The members, of whom there are at present upwards of 120, pay 1s. a quarter.

The rules of the Club, of which we give the substance in the foregoing paragraphs, seem to us exceedingly sensible, and might wisely be taken as a model by benevolent persons forming similar establishments elsewhere.

### LEADENHALL MARKET AT CHRISTMAS TIME

COMPARED with nearly every Continental city, and even a good many English provincial towns, London is very badly furnished with markets. The success of the Metropolitan Meat Market, of the Central Fish Market in Farringdon Street, and, we may add, of Leadenhall Market in its enlarged and modernised condition, shows that Londoners have no invincible prejudice against markets, and that in this case, reversing the usual maxim of political economy, the supply would create a demand. Meanwhile, Leadenhall remains the chief mart for poultry and game, and the multitude of geese and turkeys exposed there for sale at Yuletide shows what a number of people are able to indulge in the pleasure of eating the delicate flesh of these creatures during this proverbially festive season.





MAJOR-GENERAL PETER H. SCRATCHLEY, R.E.  
First High Commissioner for New Guinea



MR. THOMAS SUTHERLAND  
New Liberal M.P. for Greenock



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. CUNNINGHAM ROBERTSON, C.B.,  
Born February 8, 1816. Died December 2, 1884

### MAJOR-GENERAL SCRATCHLEY,

Who has been appointed the First High Commissioner for New Guinea, is the son of the late Dr. J. Scratchley, of the Royal Artillery. He was born in 1835, and was educated at the Royal Military Academy. In 1854 he left Woolwich, at the head of the men of his year, and received a commission in the Engineers. During the Crimean War he served in the trenches before Sebastopol, and took part in the expedition to Kinburn. Two years later he was in India, engaged with the force which was suppressing the Mutiny. He afterwards served as orderly officer to Lord Napier of Magdala (then General Sir R. Napier) during the siege and capture of Lucknow. Between 1860 and 1863 he was engaged at Melbourne in the organisation of a system of defence for the Colony of Victoria, and he again fulfilled similar duties in 1877. He is now Commissioner of Defences for five of the Australasian Colonies. Major-General Scratchley left England for New Guinea on November 20th, having two

days before been entertained at a banquet by Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, at St. Stephen's Club, when a number of gentlemen of distinction connected with the colonies assembled to wish him success and prosperity in his arduous mission.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Foster and Martin, 29, Collins Street East, Melbourne.

### THOMAS SUTHERLAND, ESQ., M.P.

Is a son of the late Mr. R. Sutherland, of Aberdeen. He was born there in August, 1834, and educated at the Grammar School and University of that city. He married the daughter of the Rev. John Macnaught, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary's, Kensington. In early life Mr. Sutherland entered the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and resided in China for some years as the representative of that company. He became a member of the Legislative Council of

Hong Kong, and was chiefly concerned in founding the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, now the most flourishing of all the Eastern banks, and of which he was the first Vice-Chairman.

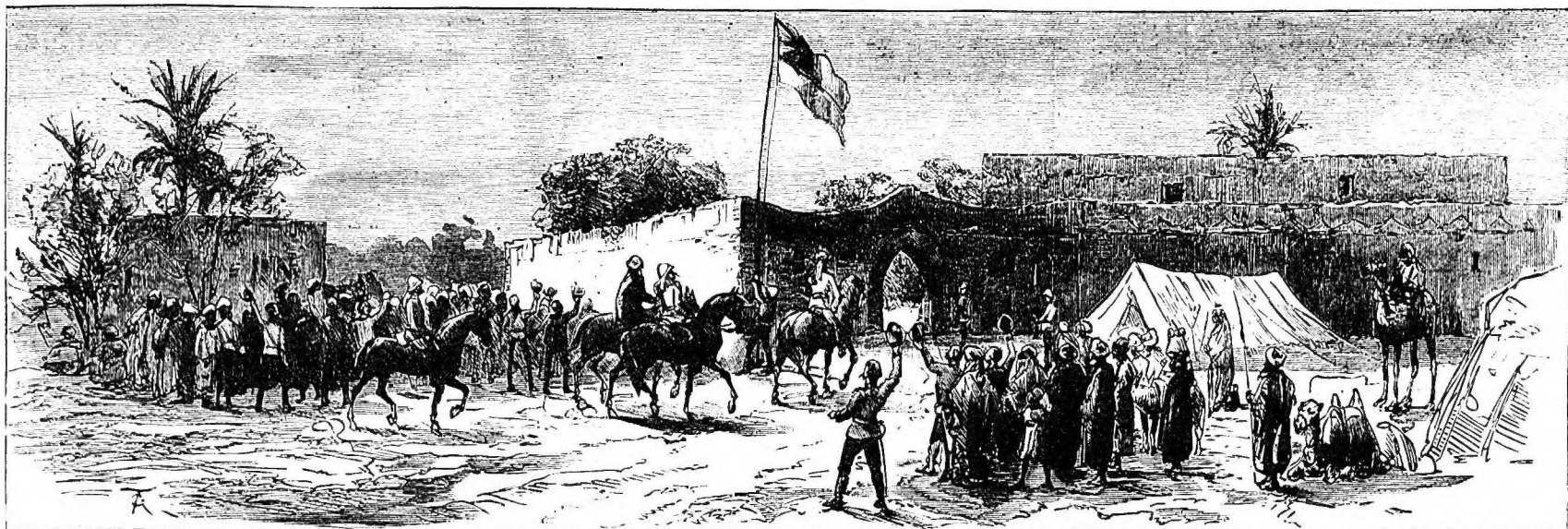
Mr. Sutherland returned to England in 1868, and has since taken an active part in managing the affairs of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, of which he has for some years been Chairman. He was largely instrumental in bringing about the Convention made last year between the Suez Canal Company and ship-owners in this country, and is now one of the members of the Suez Canal Board. Mr. Sutherland is also a Deputy-Lieutenant for London.

Mr. Sutherland has just been elected in the Liberal interest M.P. for Greenock in the place of Mr. Stewart, who has resigned. The result of the poll was as follows:—Sutherland (L), 3,548; Scott (C), 2,417. Mr. Scott was a candidate at the last election, when he was defeated by the late Member, Mr. Stewart.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Vianelli Brothers, Venice.

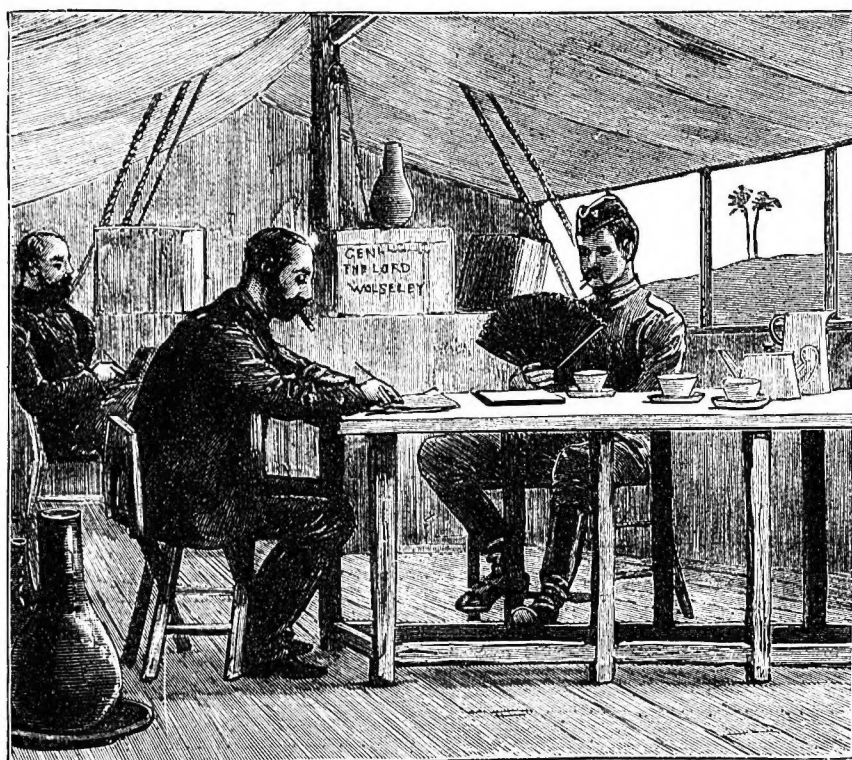


DEPARTURE OF THE MUDIR'S TROOPS FROM DONGOLA FOR AMBUKOL  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

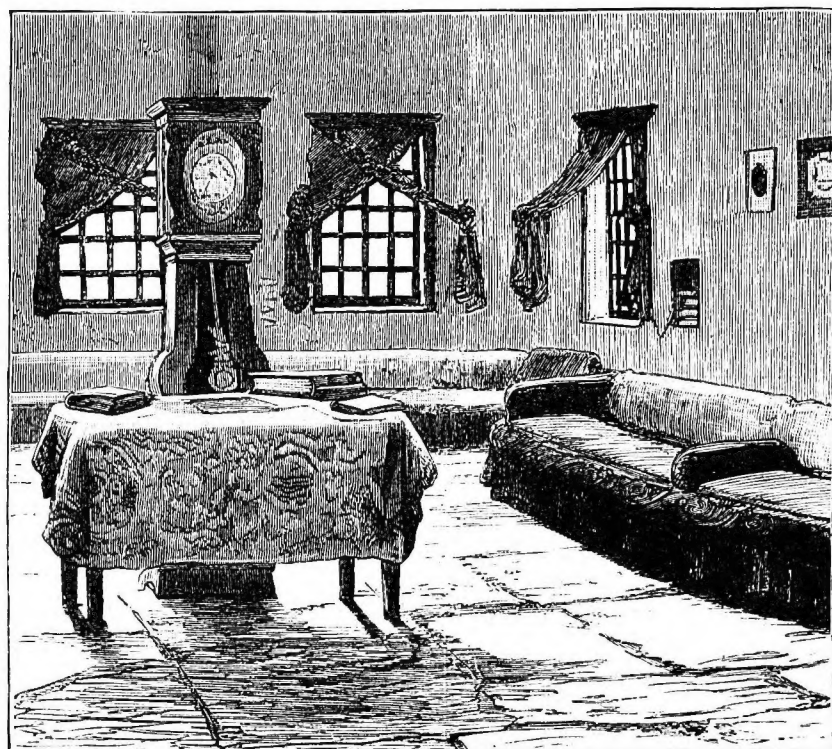




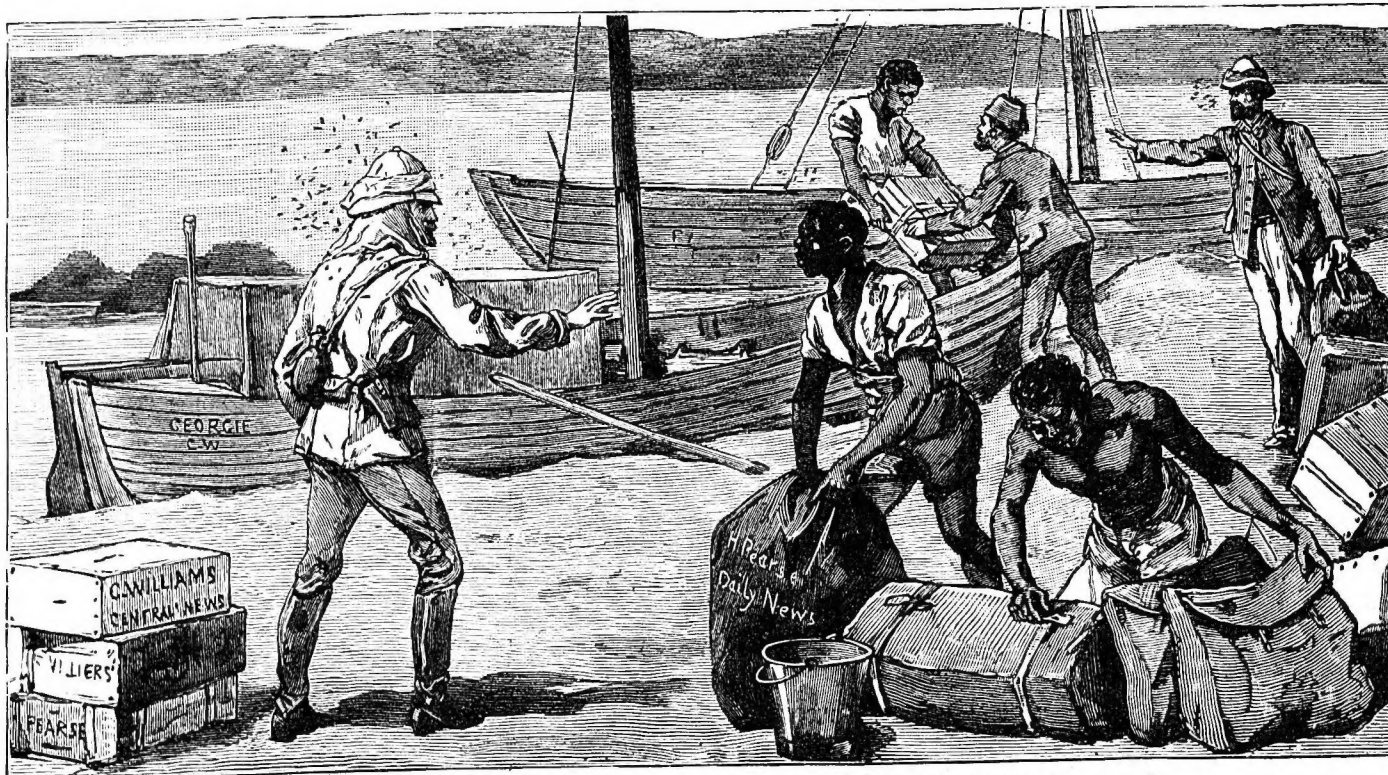
HOISTING THE UNION JACK OVER LORD WOLSELEY'S HEADQUARTERS AT DONGOLA



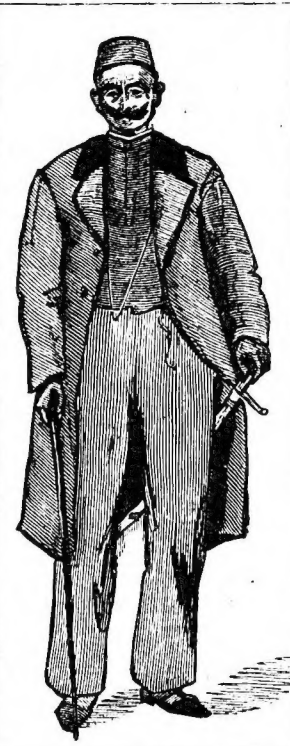
PRESS CENSORSHIP ON THE NILE—CORRESPONDENTS OF LONDON NEWSPAPERS ATTENDING TO HAVE THEIR TELEGRAMS EXAMINED BY COLONEL SWAINE, C.B.



THE BEST RECEPTION ROOM OF THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT—LOADING THE WHALER "GEORGIE"



THE MUDIR'S CHIEF SANDJAK, DONGOLA

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS, AND MILITARY OFFICERS



LIEUT.-GENERAL A. CUNINGHAM ROBERTSON, C.B.

ALEXANDER CUNINGHAM ROBERTSON was born in Edinburgh, February 8th, 1816, and was educated at the High School and University of that city. Having chosen a military career, he took service, while waiting to be gazetted to an English regiment, with "the Spanish Legion," under Sir De Lacy Evans. He was present at several actions with the Carlists, was severely wounded, and received three Spanish decorations. In 1841 he joined the British Army, and went with the 34th Regiment to Canada, where during the prolonged winters he distinguished himself by his habits of application which bore fruit afterwards in several Staff appointments. He subsequently served in India, and took a prominent part in the Siege of Delhi during the great Mutiny, but, being prostrated with fever, he was not present at the final assault. After his return to England he obtained command of the 2nd Battalion of the King's, now called the "Liverpool" Regiment in honour of General Robertson, whose later years were spent in Liverpool, where he displayed great energy in his management both of Militia and Volunteer forces. Liverpool and Edinburgh both greatly lament his loss. He was not only a most energetic soldier, but also a man of much literary ability. He translated Tasso's great poem, compiled the Records of his favourite regiment, the King's, and wrote many letters and papers in the public journals. He died on Tuesday, December 2nd.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool.

THE NILE EXPEDITION

DEPARTURE OF THE MUDIR'S TROOPS FOR THE FRONT

OUR Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers, writes:—"The departure from Dongola of the nuggar with the Mudir's troops for Ambukol, our present front, on the 18th of this month, was one of the wildest and most picturesque of sights. When the time of embarkation arrived the soldiers swarmed down the banks without any rule or order—Bashi-Bazouks and Regulars, with no attempt of uniformity of dress, carrying their kit or baggage, followed by women and children down to the water's edge, where the men scrambled into the boats—round, tubby-looking craft, with a mast in the centre, with a top-yard and canvas resembling a patch-work quilt, so patched and mended were the square sails of the nuggars. There was a sort of Chinese piratical junk-like appearance about the scene as the boats quickly filled, and floated out into the middle of the Nile. The soldiers, whether as a salute to the Mudir, who was watching the performance from his dahabeah, or whether out of bravado for the enemy they were about to meet, kept up a desultory fire at nothing in particular upon the opposite side, which must have made many a Dongolese husbandman, looking after his little patches of sweet peas on the banks of the river, think about looking after his safety as well."

HOISTING THE UNION JACK AT DONGOLA

THIS sketch, by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne, represents the hoisting of the Union Jack over Lord Wolseley's quarters at Dongola on his arrival—an incident not without interest, as this is the first time that the British ensign has waved so far south in the Soudan. Colonel Colborne writes:—"The Union Jack was run up at Headquarters as Lord Wolseley entered, and I could not help raising my hat and saluting the old flag."

THE PRESS CENSOR

"THIS sketch," writes Mr. Villiers, "illustrates the present terms on which a correspondent is tolerated with a British army. Colonel Swaine is waiting to read the telegrams of two correspondents before their despatch to their respective papers. Colonel Swaine is the most urbane, and also the most cautious, press censor I have come across. A correspondent, anxiously asking for news, and disappointed with the answer—'Really there is no news,' was sorrowfully leaving when the Colonel good-naturedly said, 'There is certainly something that has taken place to-day if you think it is worth telegraphing the matter.' The correspondent returned with pocket-book in hand and beaming face. 'This morning,' slowly said Colonel Swaine, 'an extra blanket was served out to each man.'"

THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA'S RECEPTION HALL

"THE Mudir's reception-room is more or less like all Government houses in Egypt, partly Oriental in its divanities, but all draperies being of French or English manufacture. In Sir Mustapha's best room is a clock which might have once stood in ghostly shadow on the wainscoted staircase of some haunted homestead in far-off England. It is now only conspicuous by its age and size, and has lost all rivalry to the sundial without the Palace walls, for its power of dividing the hours was lost in the sands of its first hot wind (Kham-sin), when its works were choked with the dust which in turn hath choked up watercourses and buried great cities in this wonderful Valley of the Nile."

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

THIS sketch represents the lading of the whaler *Georgie* which several special correspondents chartered for the ascent of the Nile from Sarass, including Mr. H. H. Pearse, of the *Daily News*, Mr. Charles Williams, of the Central News Agency, and our own artist.

THE MUDIR'S CHIEF SANDJAK

THIS officer is an important official of the Mudir's staff, and is a man of no little military renown, having commanded the Mudir's soldiers at Kortli, where they engaged and defeated the rebels some months since.

NOTES ON THE CONGO

OUR engravings are from sketches and photographs kindly supplied by Mr. W. H. Bentley, who recently returned from a five years' residence on the Congo, where he has been carrying on useful missionary work, having been sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society. This Society, which has expended 21,000*l.* (8,000*l.* last year) on the Congo mission, has planted the British flag as far as 600 miles inland, has numerous stations on the river, and has established its head-quarters at Leopoldville, Stanley Pool. Our bird's-eye view is taken from the Arthington Station of the Society, some 200 feet above the Pool, so called after Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, who was one of the first promoters of the Congo Mission. Stanley Pool is 325 miles from the mouth of the Congo, which is only navigable as far as Vivi (110 miles), the portion between that station (where the domain of the International African Association begins) and Stanley Pool being broken by impassable cataracts. At Stanley Pool, again, the river is navigable for 1,060 miles as far as Stanley Falls, now the farthest eastward station of the Association, and then, after a few slight obstructions, a further length of 2,000 miles is available for navigation. Thus, as may be seen, Stanley Pool is an important junction in the Congo commercial route, and if, as is proposed, a railway be constructed thence to Vivi it will become one of the most important settlements in Africa. Even at present, as Mr. Stanley related to the Berlin Conference, "We encounter fleets of trading canoes which have descended the main river from as far up as the Equator. These wait patiently months at a time for the caravans from various places on the coast, which bring European goods from thence to Stanley Pool to exchange for the produce of the Upper Congo, notably iron, ivory, rubber, and

camwood powder. Mr. Stanley maintains that the Congo region is one of the most fertile in the globe, as an agricultural field it is capable of practically unlimited development, while as for the pessimists who declare that ivory, gum, and oil are the only products of any consequence; and that the first-named will be exhausted in a few years, Mr. Stanley asserts that ivory will last for generations yet, and that gum and oil alone will give an ample field for trade. Moreover, there are the imports, which now from England alone reach 600,000*l.*, and Mr. Stanley bears witness to the fact that the natives are born traders. Mr. Bentley, also, in a communication to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, states:—"The trade of the Congo has increased, and is likely to increase. At the present time the legitimate commerce, apart from the sale of gin and gunpowder, consists largely in cocoa, cloth, calicoes, &c. One odd thing about the trade is not generally known—namely, that a great majority of the goods sent to the Congo are used, not by the living, but by the dead. The one incentive to industry on the part of the Congo native is to have a grand funeral for himself and his relations, and his idea of grandeur chiefly consists in the amount of cloth which is wound round the corpse. Missions, however, have created a demand for clothes which will affect the English market. . . . We have already appreciably increased the demand for manufactured goods. At San Salvador, for instance, the cloth which we took up there for purposes of trade became very popular. A woman could buy a good piece of calico very cheap. A few fowls would set her up in a dress, and as a consequence the wearing of clothes became very fashionable. At other places we pointed out to the chiefs the indecency of existing costumes. . . . As a result of our exhortation a good deal of cloth is now used in place of the scanty strip." To return to Mr. Stanley, he pronounces the Congo region to be exceedingly healthy, provided alcohol be not taken in the middle of the day, and states that the natives are now universally friendly. As a proof, he told the Berlin Conference that during the last six years he has travelled 9,000 miles with no other weapon than an umbrella! Our illustrations mainly explain themselves but we may mention that Bayneston is one of the Baptist Missionary stations between San Salvador, the capital of the Bas Congo country, and Leopoldville. It is named after the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and is about half-way to the Pool. It is a pleasant spot in the midst of wild and picturesque scenery. The river at this point is difficult of navigation from the rush of its waters round headlands and over half-sunken rocks. Unless skilfully navigated a boat is carried completely out of its course, and has to return in order to get into the right current. Stanley Pool is about twenty-five miles long and twenty broad. It is studded with islands, one of which is large enough to sustain elephants and buffaloes. A lofty cliff named by Stanley "Dover Cliff" after the home of Frank Pocock, who was lost in the Falls close by, is formed of white sand intermingled with other colours, as at Alum Bay, Isle of Wight. The Missionary Station shown in the illustration has been built sufficiently strong to withstand the force of the hurricanes which are experienced in this region, and commodious enough for carrying on the religious and benevolent works that are contemplated. The natives come every day to have their wounds dressed and their pains relieved. The medical and surgical skill of the missionaries has become widely known and highly appreciated. The station has to combine the dwelling, the hospital, and the school. The staff and employees of the "African International Association" make frequent demands on the skill of the medical members of the Mission. This has been amply recompensed by the protection afforded by this band of pioneers. The boat being carried in sections is one of two owned by the mission. They are built of steel for both oars and sails. Another illustration shows a Congo fireside, "Supper Time in a Native Hut." The smoke finds no chimney, so fills the room, making its exit where the walls and ceiling join. It represents a family of the ordinary Congo folk. The wife cultivates the ground, and prepares her husband's food while he has been trading at the market. Her lord has eaten, and she takes what he has been pleased to leave. The children have also had a little soup, and perhaps a morsel of meat or a confection of leaves of cabbage or pumpkin, &c., &c., mixed with pepper and crushed ground-nuts and palm-oil, to add a relish to their pudding of ca sava flour. They are chatting over their fire while they digest their meal, before spreading their mat for the night.

THE ZHOB VALLEY EXPEDITION

WE have already published some pictures of this expedition, the object of which was to punish Shah Jehan, the chief of the Zhob Kakars, for murders and robberies committed by his people. At first the hill tribes offered no resistance, and therefore it was hoped that the objects of the enterprise might be attained without bloodshed; but after these sketches were despatched an action took place and a fortress was taken. During the conflict fifty-six of the enemy were killed, and some loss occurred on our side. The engravings here published are from sketches by Captain O. C. Radford, Acting-Adjutant 4th Punjab Infantry, and represent the country in Beloochistan through which the regiment marched to join General Tanner's force. The road between Quetta and Duki (also known as Thull-Chotiali) is picturesque, recalling parts of Cashmere or the Scotch Highlands. There are lofty hills clothed with juniper trees, and bare precipitous rocks towering to a considerable height. But, as a rule, the country is very barren and uninteresting, being a mixture of sand, stone, and bare hills. One may march for miles without seeing a bush higher than the camel scrub, and, as a natural consequence, where there are no trees there is little water.

LISTENING TO THE WAITS

BEHOLD one of the advantages of childhood! To these dear little innocent creatures the Waits are something delightful. To them it seems fairy-like music, or rather as if the heavenly chorus which once upon a time followed upon the Wondrous Birth were being repeated for their special delectation. How much nicer to feel thus than to be a stupid, prosaic, grown-up person, who turns uneasily on his or her pillow, complains that the Waits, like Macbeth, do murder sleep, and wishes both them and their duties at Jericho. Compared with the multitudinous noises which both by day and night assail the ears of town-dwelling people throughout the year, the Christmas Waits are but a small affliction, and are grumbled at rather too severely.

EUROPEAN POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA

See page 642

"FROM POST TO FINISH" (Page 649)

A NEW STORY, by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is concluded this week.

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN

HE is one of the hardest-worked and most poorly-paid of public servants. The mileage which he accomplishes by the end of the year would not be a bad "record" for a professional ped.; and his is no "go-as-you-please" contest, but go "whether-or-no," or "weather-or-no," whichever way we choose to spell it. Perhaps in some respects the Parcels Post, the last load on his already over-

burdened back, has been a blessing in the guise of a curse, for it added such an intolerable weight to his daily pack that it compelled the requisition of other legs besides his own. So here we see him on horseback, defying the snowstorm, and blowing his horn in as military a style as if he were Hannibal crossing the Alps *audaciter et diligentia*.



THE QUEEN has conferred the decoration of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India on the Countess of Dufferin, wife of the new Viceroy.

THE WORK OF THE BOUNDARY COMMISSIONERS is going on smoothly. Their adjustments of the areas of the new and reconstructed constituencies are found in general satisfactory. In the large boroughs, both metropolitan and provincial, the opposition to the division into single-member constituencies seems to be for the most part dying out, and in some of them dissatisfaction on this score is being succeeded, not merely by acquiescence, but by positive satisfaction.

NEVERTHELESS, the friends of Mr. Hare's modified scheme of proportional representation are courageously undertaking a winter campaign for the propagation of their principles. Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., one of the leaders of the movement, has been very successful in explaining its advantages to miners in the far North of England, and that some thousands of them in the heart of the pit district are to vary the usual amusements of their Christmas holidays by having this year a test election conducted on Mr. Hare's plan. There are to be six supposititious candidates, Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Lawson, and Mr. Courtney for the Liberals, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chaplin for the Conservatives, while General Gordon is to be "run" in this mock election as the Independent candidate.

SUCH WAS THE ANNOUNCEMENT made in a letter from Mr. Grey read at a meeting this week of the Proportional Representation Society. Sir John Lubbock, who presided, found himself in active and oratorical alliance with Mr. E. Clarke, M.P., and Mr. Bradlaugh with Viscount Folkestone. But the principal orator was Mr. Leonard Courtney, who made rather a new point when indicating that Household Suffrage in the boroughs had done extremely little for the direct Parliamentary representation of the urban working classes. It must be the same, he contended, with the agricultural labourer under the Franchise Bill without the proportional system, which would secure the representation of every numerous class, as well as of every important principle. On Tuesday Mr. Courtney delivered an address to the Manchester Reform Club, in explanation and support of this system, and at its close an experimental ballot was taken to illustrate its working. On Wednesday Mr. Courtney, at Manchester, was reinforced by Sir John Lubbock, and both of them addressed a public meeting in the Free Trade Hall. A resolution adverse to single-member districts and in favour of two-member districts, supported by Mr. Houldsworth, the Conservative Member for Manchester, and by Mr. Rathbone, the Liberal Member for Carnarvonshire, was carried, but not by a large majority.

MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE appeals to the charitable to aid the funds of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School, now, after more than one forced migration, starting afresh, with an empty purse, in Coburg Row, Westminster. As an indication of what it has done, Mrs. Gladstone states that 200 of the old boys are scattered over forty-six of Her Majesty's regiments, including four in the Royal Artillery, ten drummers in the Grenadier Guards, and twenty in the Scots Guards.

LOUISA, LADY GOLDSMID, is the treasurer of a fund being raised for a memorial of the late Professor Fawcett by those of the women of England who are grateful for his efforts to give effect to what he regarded as the political and social rights of his countrywoman. A tablet, with a medallion portrait, to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is suggested as a tribute to his memory, suitable, without being costly.

MR. ALFRED MARSHALL, of St. John's College, Cambridge, Lecturer on Political Economy at Balliol College, Oxford, has been chosen by the University electors to succeed the late Professor Fawcett in the Professorship of Political Economy at Cambridge, the endowment of which is worth 700*l.* per annum.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY fulfils Adam Smith's academic ideal—it is a University that simply examines without asking where, how, or by whom the candidates for its degrees have been educated. A movement, however, is in progress for the establishment of a "Teaching" University of London, and a meeting to promote it was held this week, presided over by Lord Reay, who has just been appointed to the Governorship of Bombay. A report from a very influential sub-committee was received, and after some discussion its further consideration was deferred to a subsequent meeting. Among the points on which there was a difference of opinion was the relation which should exist between the actual London University and the proposed University of London, whether they should be associated or be entirely independent of each other.

COMPLAINTS HAVE OFTEN been made of the appointment of school inspectorships of persons unfamiliar with the practical work of education. The Education Department has now been throwing open assistant-inspectorships of schools to the whole body of teachers; of course under certain conditions of age, professional capacity, &c.

MURMURS AT THE PRINCIPLES of the practice, or both, of the Charity Organisation Society have been occasionally heard. A final expression to them was given at its annual meeting this week, when the Rev. F. G. Lee declared his belief that the principles on which the Society was based were disastrous to the flow of charity. He said that the Society ought really to be called the Charity Abolition Society. The proceedings of the meeting were considerably disturbed by these malcontents, but there were apparently but a small handful of dissentients from the only resolution proposed and passed, one thanking the donors of the Convalescent Fund for enabling the Society to afford convalescent aid to many sick and needy persons.

A CORK PAPER has published a letter addressed to E. and signed by every tenant and labourer of Mr. Hussey, whose house at Edenburn was the object of the partly successful dynamite attempt referred to in this column at the time of its occurrence. They disavow all participation, direct or indirect, in that foul crime, and bear testimony to his excellence and kindness as a landlord and as a man, and they speak in the highest terms of Mrs. Hussey's charity, benevolence, and amiability.

ABOUT TEN A.M. on Tuesday a fire of great magnitude broke out in Dalston, just below the Queen's Bridge, over the Regent's Canal, in a large timber yard, containing a quantity of pine planks, stacked after having been landed on the adjacent wharf, on which there were 70,000 of them. In ten minutes after the alarm had been given fire engines worked by steam and by hand were on the spot, and were speedily reinforced by a number of others from the North and East London districts. As the day wore on the fire increased, and engines from all parts of London, south as well as



north of the Thames, were called into play. Captain Shaw himself hastened to the scene, which at three o'clock presented a striking spectacle, the immense stacks of timber blazing with an intensity on which the volumes of water poured from more than twenty engines, nineteen of them steamers, seemed to produce no effect. After the destruction of thirty stacks of timber, by 9 P.M. the fury of the conflagration was abated, though it was necessary during the night and on the following morning to keep a reduced number of engines at work. Comparatively little danger was done to the houses and workshops by which the timber yard is surrounded.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who represented Castle Rising in the House of Commons before the first Reform Bill, and South Hampshire from 1852 to 1857, and, belonging to the Evangelical party in the Church, was associated with Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Chichester in religious and philanthropic movements; of Major-General C. T. Hearn, late Inspector-General of Police at Madras, in his fifty-sixth year; of Mr. Henry Willoughby, British Vice-Consul at Paris, very suddenly, from the effects of an accident; of Mr. Charles Cawley, a Peninsular veteran, who was at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, dying when nearly in his 102nd year; and of the Duchess of Somerset, after a long illness. She was a granddaughter of Sheridan, the orator and dramatist, by his son "Tom," the hero of some of his best anecdotes, and the youngest of three sisters famous for their beauty and talent, the other two being the Honourable Mrs. Norton, the poetess, and Lady Dufferin, the mother of Lord Ripon's lately-appointed successor in the Viceroyalty of India. As Lady Seymour the late Duchess figured at the famous Eglinton tournament of 1839. Her Grace was married in 1830 to the Duke of Somerset, then Lord Seymour, and leaves three daughters, Lady Jane Hermione Graham, Lady Ulrica Thynne, and Lady Helen Gwendoline Ramsden.

### LORD TENNYSON'S "BECKET" \*

So much has been said both for and against Lord Tennyson's latest dramatic effort that it is with feelings of particular curiosity that the reader takes up the play; the general verdict, on laying it down, will probably be much the same as that at which we have ourselves arrived, viz., that it is neither the miracle of art that some few have pronounced it, nor the failure that it has been declared by others. On the whole, it is a fairly good acting play; and, if we must regret the comparative absence of those fine bursts of poetry for which it was only natural to look in the work of such an author, employed upon such a subject, it may be well to remember that the poet's natural desire was probably curbed by rigid consideration of the requirements of the modern stage. Still, we cannot help thinking that the verse might have been amended in places; the imperfect line—a perfectly legitimate expedient—is employed with too great frequency, and, at times, the very spirit of blank verse seems to have deserted Lord Tennyson; what are we to make of such a line as the following:—

You were. I never forget anything.

No doubt there are ten syllables in the line, but ten syllables do not alone make blank verse; add to these the frequency of weak endings, and our objections will not appear mere cavillings. But the play as a whole is dramatic, and would probably be effective in representation, if judiciously compressed; one of its chief drawbacks is the utter absence of the humorous element, which was needed for relief, but seems to be foreign to the genius of the poet. One of the most subtle and terrible touches is the introduction of Eleanor into Woodstock bower through the means of Rosamond's own child. By the relegation of the fair and frail Clifford to Godstow Nunery historical accuracy is no doubt gained, but we question whether dramatic effect has not been thereby sacrificed; Lord Tennyson ought to have been able to give us a fine scene between the Queen and her beautiful rival; perhaps he felt that the leading lady would object to leave the stage so early in the performance, therefore Rosamond comes on at the last to lament over the dead Archbishop, after having vainly warned him—but the effect is inartistic. The Laureate has rightly depicted Becket as the great champion of national ecclesiastical rights, whether against King or Pope; but, excepting this, we feel throughout in his portraiture, as in that of all the other characters, a sense of unreality—they do not move as like living men and women. The catastrophe is marred by its prolixity; that terrible tragedy should have been given in the grim simplicity of the old record—the idea is forced upon us that Becket is, as poor Charles II. said of himself, "Such an unconscionable time a-dying!" Yet are there traces of the old poetic fire in the play. There is one lovely song:—

"Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?"

and surely the Archbishop's utterance, when turned to bay by King and barons, is fine:

I had been so true  
To Henry and mine office that the King  
Would throne me in the great Archbishoprick;  
And I, that knew mine own infirmity,  
For the King's pleasure rather than God's cause  
Took it upon me—err'd thro' love of him.  
Now therefore God from me withdraws Himself,  
And the King too.

There is a touch of Wolsey here. The vision might be cited as a companion passage, but it is too long for quotation, and extracts would only spoil it. On the whole, then, it may be said that "Becket" is a poetical drama which no other living author could perhaps have written, but which does not represent its author at his best. Pace the late Mr. G. H. Lewes, we cannot think that Lord Tennyson's future fame will rest on his dramatic work.



### INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS

#### II.

BESIDES the large work already noticed, Mr. Seymour Lucas sends a humorously expressive little picture, painted with his accustomed care and mastery, called "Loot," representing a soldier of fortune contemplating with satisfaction the jewels that have come into his possession. Mr. W. H. Bartlett's large sea-coast picture, with women and children shovelling sand into a donkey-cart, wants only more fulness of tone to be entirely satisfactory. The different elements of the work are artistically combined, and the effect of sunlight forcibly given. Mr. G. A. Storey has a small half-length of an inanimate lady, with a basket of oranges on her arm, entitled "Charity," and Mr. MacWhirter a large and very loosely-painted picture of "St. Hilda," which fails to convey to us any impression of natural effect. Mr. Howard Helmick's picture of a peripatetic pedlar offering his wares for sale in an Irish cottage is full of animation, and painted with more care than he often bestows on his

\* "Becket." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1884.)

works. The three figures are true types of character, and expressive in their gestures. Mr. J. Parker's "Study" is a gracefully-treated half-length, apparently a portrait, of a lady of refined beauty, with a book in her hand. The adjoining picture, representing "Pangbourne," by the light of early morning, is not a good example of Mr. Keeley Halswelle's work, being opaque in colour and somewhat painty. Unlike this, his smaller "Hampshire Landscape" is fresh and pure in tone, and strongly suggestive of nature.

In his very large picture of "An Old English Home," Mr. E. Hargitt has evidently delineated all the features of the scene with literal fidelity, and with the quaint formality that prevailed in English landscape art before the time of Gainsborough. Mr. E. Hayes, in his "Smack Running for Scarborough," has conveyed the sense of movement in sea and sky with masterly skill; and Mr. Arthur Severn, in a spacious sea-view called "A Gleam of Sunlight after Rain," has attempted with some success to give the impression of a very evanescent and beautiful effect of nature. Mr. T. Collier's "An Old Gravel Pit," and his smaller "Goose Common," are full of atmosphere and movement, and more luminous in tone than any oil pictures we have seen by him.

Mr. H. Moore's spacious "Midsummer at Sea" is not the best of the very numerous studies of sea and sky that he has produced. He is seen to greater advantage in a full-toned and effective little picture of a group of boats "At the Jetty Side." More vernal freshness of tint would render Mr. F. Walton's sylvan scene, "All on a Morn of May," more agreeable and more true, but all the complex ramifications of the slender trees are drawn and painted with extreme care and skill. Mr. J. Orrock has a fresh and vigorous study of "Kneeton Ford, on the Trent;" and Mr. Harry Hine a small picture of "Mousehold Heath," in which the influence of the gathering storm on the landscape is rendered with convincing fidelity. A small picture by a comparatively unknown painter, Mr. W. H. Gore, showing a girl "Waiting" on a river's bank by twilight, is especially noteworthy for its refined beauty and truth of tone as well as its originality of treatment. Among many other good and promising works by painters whose names are not yet familiar to the public are a capital sea-coast study, "Low Tide," by Mr. J. Milner Kyte; a forcible rendering of bright sunshine on a picturesque Oriental courtyard by the Hon. F. Shore; an effective "Sketch in Surrey," by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson; and a carefully-studied picture of a group of buildings, "Between the Dark and the Daylight," by Helen Howard Hatton.

Mr. Heywood Hardy is well represented by a life-sized head of a magnificent lion, painted with too little impasto for its large size, but admirably designed and full of vitality. Close by it hangs the smaller of two characteristic pictures of Oriental life, by Mr. Frederick Goodall, representing "A Bedouin Encampment." In "Rough Counting" Mr. W. S. Stacey has treated a very trivial subject on an unnecessarily large scale; the figures, however, are animated, and painted in a sound and solid manner. Mr. G. G. Kilburne's domestic scene, "Home Again," is marked by well-balanced composition and good keeping, as well as truth of character and expression. Mr. J. H. Lorimer's small picture of a weeping girl at the foot of a staircase, "Bad News," has many good qualities, but is remarkable chiefly for its truthful illumination and subdued harmony of colour. Mr. Randolph Caldecott's skill in characterisation and sense of humour are shown in a small picture, "A Meeting of Shareholders—a Poor Dividend." It is, however, on so small a scale, that its merits cannot be fully estimated by those not gifted with microscopic eyes. A sketchy little picture, "A Fortune Teller," very agreeable in colour, and painted in broad and facile manner by Miss E. A. Armstrong, represents a circus girl sitting on the ground, with a pack of cards and a performing jackdaw beside her. Miss Dorothy Tennant continues to imitate very successfully the peculiar manner of M. Henner. Her group of two nude figures, "The Death of Love," is as good as anything she has produced. Among the very few portraits in the collection is a life-sized half-length of "Mrs. Akers Douglas," by Mr. C. N. Kennedy, remarkable alike for its unaffectedly simple and graceful manner of treatment, its excellent keeping, and sound workmanship. Mr. F. W. Topham's "Katie, Daughter of R. Romer, Esq.," is an excellent example of childish portraiture. Mrs. Weir's portrait of "Millicent Wedmore" deserves notice, and so does the life-sized head which Helen Jackson quaintly entitles "A Soulful-Eyed Young Man."

### MR. J. D. LINTON'S WORKS

THE larger of the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street is now occupied by a collection of works by Mr. J. D. Linton, the President of the Royal Water-Colour Institute and the recently established Institute of Painters in Oil. They include nearly all his most important water-colour drawings, and the series of five oil pictures depicting incidents in the career of a soldier of the sixteenth century, which for some years past have occupied a large portion of his time. When he undertook this work Mr. Linton was an accomplished master of water-colours, but was comparatively inexperienced in oil painting. It is not surprising accordingly to find that the first in order of production, "Victorious," is less ably executed than those of later date. That he had not at the time acquired sufficient mastery over the method adequately to express his purpose is seen in the muddiness of the flesh-tints and in a certain infirmity of touch in parts. The second picture, "The Benediction," shows much greater command of technical resource; and the third, "The Banquet," is marked by facile but firm and finished workmanship as well as beauty of composition and perfect harmony of brilliant colour. "The Surrender," which was painted after this, though it contains some fine passages, is less successful as a whole than any of the series. In all technical qualities as well as in the dramatic rendering of the incident, the last in date of production but the first in the order of the events depicted, "The Declaration of War," seems to us the best oil picture that the artist has hitherto produced. These works have been too recently commented on to need lengthened notice, but it may be observed that until an opportunity was offered of examining them in their chronological order, a just idea of the painter's comprehensive purpose could scarcely be formed. It will be found that the story of the soldier's campaign is most clearly told, and that each incident is the natural sequence of that preceding it. It will be seen, too, for the first time that it was of deliberate and well-considered design that the artist treated the culminating work of the series, "The Banquet," in a lighter key, and with more decorative splendour of effect than the rest.

Some of the finest qualities of Mr. Linton's art, and especially his great power as a colourist, are better seen in his water-colour drawings than in his oil pictures. One of the most expressive of his works, "Les Emigres," is not in the collection, but there are several showing great power of dramatic realisation combined with pictorial qualities of the finest kind. "The Admonition," which appeared last year at the Royal Institute, is among them, and an earlier work of large size, "The Cardinal Minister," remarkable as well for its low-toned harmony of colour and broad simplicity of effect as for its expressive truth. Very different from this in motive and treatment, but in its way quite as excellent, is the allegorical composition, "Time and Youth." This and the single figure of a lady in modern costume, "After the Ball," are treated with consummate skill. As regards grace of line, delicate modelling of form, and refined beauty of tone, they could not easily be surpassed.



"ROSY OPAL" is the tint of the season in Paris for evening dresses—a most delicate shade of pink, shot with white.

AS CLEVER DOGS are being discussed at the present time, we now hear of a hard-working canine in Boston, U.S.A., who the *Live Stock Journal* tells us, earns a fair salary and supports a family, by playing nightly in a sensational drama, entitled *Rag Baby*, at a Boston Theatre.

VIRGIL'S BIRTHPLACE—the little village of Pietole in the Lombardy plain, about five miles from Mantua—has just inaugurated a monument to the poet. Close to the village rises a small hill, the Monticelli di Virgilio, and here, according to local tradition, stood the house in which Virgil was born.

A GRAND MONETARY BONFIRE will shortly take place in Rome. The bank notes withdrawn from circulation in accordance with the law suppressing the forced currency of paper money will be formally burnt in a specially-erected furnace, when green-backs once worth nearly three millions sterling will vanish into smoke.

CIVIL BAPTISMS have now succeeded civil weddings and civil funerals across the Channel. The mayor performs the ceremony, and the infant wears a tricolour sash, while the christening sweetmeats usually distributed on such occasions are given away to the poor children belonging to the lay schools. No Church scholars need apply.

CREMATION ADVOCATES have managed to get in the thin end of the wedge in France. Hitherto the Cremation Society has striven vainly for four years to obtain permission for a furnace, and now the Paris authorities have consented to build a crematory on the Italian system to consume the unclaimed dead in the hospitals and the remains of those subjected to dissection.

CHEAP POSTAGE in the United States has answered as well as in Europe. When the lower rates came into use a year ago it was expected that the postal revenue would suffer to the amount of over 1½ millions sterling during the first twelve months; but the loss only reaches half a million, and promises to be completely covered during 1885. Owing to the cheaper system letters are used greatly in excess of postal cards.

THE RHINE is so low just now, owing to the unusually dry autumn, that most of the freight steamers have ceased running near Cologne, and even the passenger vessels find traffic difficult in the shallow water. Many wells in Cologne and the neighbourhood are dry. This state of affairs contrasts curiously with the Christmas season of two years ago, when the river overflowed, causing immense disaster, and the waters were thirty feet higher than at present.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT on March 4th is already being prepared in Washington. Much larger numbers of visitors are expected to be present than on previous occasions, and most of the hotel-keepers have already let all their apartments, and are engaging all the empty rooms in the neighbourhood. One of the chief features will be an immense parade of citizen soldiers from the Southern States, while the Washington authorities are at their wits' end where to hold the inauguration ball, as no available building is large enough.

M. BASTIEN-LEPAGE, the well-known young French painter who has just died, to the last showed the influence of his country training, and cared little for fashionable artistic life. He worked hard, slowly, and conscientiously, often painting out in one morning the work of the previous day; and, as he would never paint merely for money and against his convictions, he never became rich, like many of his brethren of the brush. Directly he had a little money to spare he would rush into the country in search of his favourite rustic subjects. For his portraits he generally required thirty or forty sittings, and it was for this reason that the painter never fulfilled his great ambition—to take Victor Hugo's likeness, as the poet could not bear such prolonged sittings. He was not handsome; but enthusiasm lighted up his pale, thoughtful face, framed in thick fair hair.

THE LARGEST SUM EVER GIVEN FOR A BIBLE has been paid for a Mazarin Bible from the Syson Library, belonging to the late Sir J. H. Thorold, of Lincolnshire. The Bible sold for 3,900l. after a close contest, the highest price previously brought by a similar copy being 3,150l., while twenty-five years ago one was bought for 595l. The present specimen is in two folio volumes, and is in splendid condition as regards printing, ink, paper, and the gorgeous blue binding, while the text is printed in clear double columns, as in old church missals and choir books. The Mazarin Bible—so called from a copy having been found in the library of the great French Cardinal, is supposed to be the earliest printed book, and was brought out by the famous Mayence printers, Gutenberg and Fust, between 1450-55. There are about eighteen copies extant, most of them now in English collections. The full title is "Biblia Sacra Latina e Versione et cum Prefatione S. Hieronymi."

WEDDINGS IN INDIA will be unlucky if celebrated during the next year. Every twelve years in the Hindoo calendar occurs a year during which it is held that no marriage must take place, and accordingly within the last few months the matrimonial market has been unusually lively. This custom will greatly affect the Government Registration Department, which, by-the-bye, is sometimes used to register curious matrimonial provisions. Thus, in one village, a husband undertakes by deed never to beat or abuse his wife; another bridegroom registers his promise to live always with his father-in-law, or pay a large sum of money in default; and in another case a low-class Hindoo, who is the son of a second husband, binds himself not to occupy such seats at marriage ceremonies as are intended for those of his class who are sons by first husbands. The Registration Department also lately prepared a deed whereby two natives belonging to opposite factions undertook to enter into a certain religious dispute, the vanquished side to pay an indemnity, and become the victor's disciple.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,638 deaths were registered, against 1,764 during the previous seven days, a fall of 126, being 259 below the average, and at the rate of 21·3 per 1,000. There were 45 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 8, and exceeding the average by 24). The Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals contained 1,011 patients at the end of last week, against 1,027 the previous week. There were 23 deaths from measles (a decrease of 5), 22 from scarlet fever (a fall of 1), 27 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 31 from whooping cough (an increase of 3), 15 from enteric fever (a fall of 1), 1 from simple continued fever, 6 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 6), and not one either from typhus or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 457, against 499 the previous week, and were 97 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths; 48 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 21 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year from suffocation. Eight cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,614 births registered, against 2,385 the previous week, being 112 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46·5 deg., and 4 deg. above the average. Rain fell on five days to the aggregate amount of 0·68 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 1·2 hours.

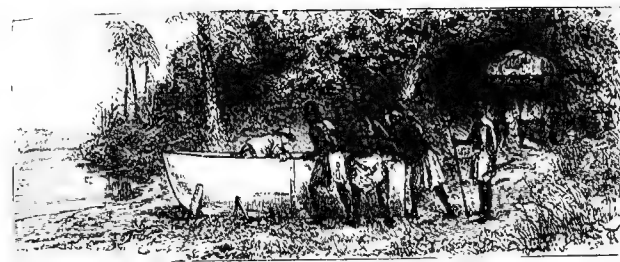




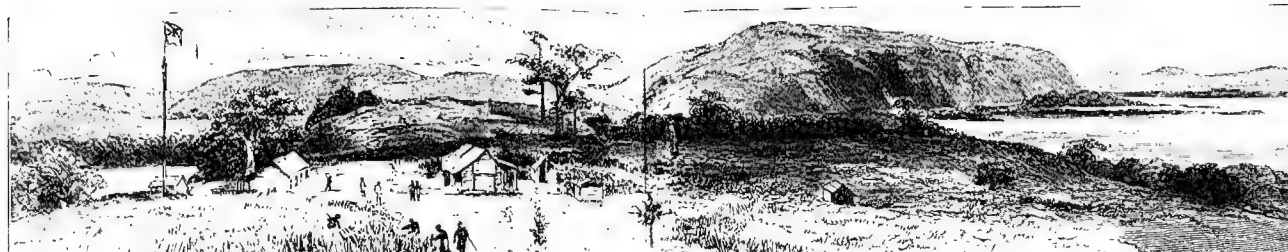
SUPPER TIME IN A NATIVE HUT



FORDING A RIVER



LAUNCHING A CONGO BOAT (BUILT IN SECTIONS FOR LAND TRANSPORT)



STATION OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT BAYNESTON, LOWER CONGO



A VILLAGE MARKET



1. Miwa.—2. Second Point of Miwa.—3. Ilan.—4. Dover Cliffs. 5. Nshasha Point.—6. Entrance of Congo River into Stanley Pool.—7. Station of the Baptist Missionary Society.—8. Seven-Mile Island.—9. Nshasha.—10. Ntamo Bay.—11. Station of the Belgian Expedition.—12. Ndulu.—13. Nkunga.—14. Ntamo.  
The water begins to be rapid from a line between the long nose of Ntamo Point (marked 5) and the Second Point of Miwa (marked 2).

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STANLEY POOL.

ON THE CONGO





THE headquarters of the expedition in EGYPT are now at Korti, a little to the north of Ambukol. Lord Wolseley and his staff arrived there on Monday, having left Dongola two days previously, after bidding a cordial farewell to the Mudir, who assured them that they would find all the supplies they needed on the way. The troops are gradually making their way to the front at Korti, where the advanced detachment under Colonel H. Stewart, together with a field hospital, are duly established; but the progress is slow, the nuggars taking five days coming up from Debbeh, owing to strong head winds, which necessitate their being towed. What plan Lord Wolseley intends to pursue when he has a fair force concentrated at the front is at present kept essentially private, but the fact that the Camel Corps are to undergo thorough drill is significant, and the impression is gaining ground that a dash across the desert to Shendi will be attempted before very long. There is no news from Khartoum save the somewhat doubtful report of a messenger who claims to have made the journey to Korti in eleven days, and states that General Gordon has gained another victory over the Mahdi's troops, and has blown up the forts at Omdurman. The Mahdi is said to be somewhat straitened for troops, and to have appealed for reinforcements to Osman Digma, who, however, is unable to help him. At CAIRO the chief incident has been a Note presented by the German and Russian diplomatic agents requesting that Russian and German members should be added to the Public Debt Commission. This demand is supported by France and Austria; and, while not wholly agreeable to England or to Egypt herself, will probably be eventually conceded.

In GERMANY Prince Bismarck has received another Parliamentary rebuff, in regard to which his opponents have shown a childishness more befitting the eccentric legislators of the Paris Chamber than to sober-sided Teutons. The Prince, in a really touching speech, recalling his own services in the Foreign Office, and reminding his hearers that he was not so young or so strong as formerly, asked for an extra first assistant at a salary of 1,000*l*. This the Deputies refused, mainly, it is thought, on personal grounds, because the Prince has resolutely declined to sanction the payment of Parliamentary representatives. Moreover, the rebuff is all the more directed against the Chancellor, as it was well known that he intended to place his son in this responsible post. The incident, however, has created less stir than it would otherwise have done, owing to a trial of dynamitards which is now going on at Leipzig. There are eight prisoners, all working men, and they are accused of plotting to assassinate the Emperor at the unveiling of the National Monument in the Niederwald in September, 1883. It appears that at the instigation of the ring-leader Reinsdorf, a mine was laid in the path which the Emperor and his various Royal guests followed on their way to the monument. Two men, Küchler and Rupsch, were charged with the execution of the scheme, which failed at the last moment, either through the fuse being wet, or, as these two assert, owing to their individual repugnance to perpetrate such a crime. Rupsch, indeed, gives a most categorical and plausible history of the whole matter, and asserts that he cut the fuse so as to prevent all danger, while Küchler is no less anxious to protest his own innocence, declaring that he had intended to withdraw the fuse, but found that it had become harmless, thanks to a downpour of rain. In any case, the attempt having failed, the explosive was placed in two bottles and fired the same evening behind the Concert Pavilion at Rudesheim.

The West African Conference has not been getting on quite so quickly with its work this week. The Navigation Acts, with regard to the Congo and Niger, have been duly approved by the Grand Committee of the Conference, and the quasi-neutrality of the two rivers in war time has been provided for by the acceptance of the French scheme, which, however, makes no reference to coal as a contraband of war. Moreover, while these rivers are protected the Congo Free Territory is not, and this will probably form the subject of a special declaration on the part of the United States members. The chief point now to be discussed is the definition of the formalities to be observed in any future assumption of sovereignty over African territory. For this no proposition is yet before the Conference, so that there is little chance of their labours being finished by Christmas. England also intends to bring up the subject of prohibiting the liquor traffic in the Mahomedan region, and also to propose an additional clause prohibiting the "slave trade and the commerce which yields up negroes to the slave trade." England has now concluded the Convention with the International African Association, and it was signed by Sir E. Malet on Tuesday. In addition to the stipulations contained in the conventions of the Association with Germany and the United States, there are careful provisions for the appointment and recognition of British consuls at all the ports and stations of the Association, and for the exercise of British consular jurisdiction in all litigant matters affecting British subjects until such time as the Association shall be in a position to dispense law to foreigners by judiciary institutions of its own.

From FRANCE, save a desultory discussion on the Budget, there is little news. There has been an interesting speech of the Marine Minister, Admiral Peyron, who, referring to the controversy now raging on both sides of the Channel as to the superiority of small fast-steaming cruisers over the huge vessels now in vogue, remarked that there was a prevalent idea that an ironclad struck by a torpedo must certainly founder, and that if attacked simultaneously by several torpedoes, she would be lost. This, however, is erroneous, as, thanks to the numerous water-tight partitions, completely isolating the compartments, the damage need be no more serious than that produced on a non-armoured vessel by a shell striking her side. Conditions of currents and weather, moreover, rendered the aim of torpedoes uncertain, and diminished their rate of speed. There is nothing fresh in the conflict with China, but supplies and reinforcements are being pushed forward with great energy, and it is stated that seven English steamers have been purchased for transport service. Admiral Courbet's reports from the front continue to be rose-coloured, and a fresh victory by Captain Lacroix is now reported, he having succeeded in driving the Chinese from their new works. Three noteworthy men have died during the past week, M. Bastien Lepage, the well-known painter; General Fleury, an old Bonapartist officer, who has done good diplomatic work since the fall of the Empire; and M. Eugène Pelletan, the Senator, and father of M. Camille Pelletan, Radical Deputy, M. Clémenceau's co-proprietor of the *Justice*.

In INDIA Lord Dufferin arrived on Saturday, and his investment with the reins of Government at once took place at Government House. Lord Ripon left for Bombay on Monday, no demonstration taking place on his departure—a striking contrast to the reception of Lord Dufferin on Saturday, when he was greeted by an assemblage of thousands of natives and Europeans, presenting a "spectacle of unanimity and enthusiasm," wires the *Standard* correspondent, unhappily absent from recent Viceroyal receptions. Lord Ripon will leave Bombay to-day (Saturday) in one of the Indian Government steamers. "Never before," states the *Times* correspondent, "did a Viceroy leave India with so many demonstrations of regret on the part of the natives, and with so little regret on

the part of his own countrymen. On no previous occasion have the natives as a body displayed so much apparent love and respect for any Englishman. The professional agitators doubtless had much to do with getting up the demonstrations, especially in the Presidency towns, but their efforts could not have had such a result as had been witnessed during the last few weeks had they not been to a considerable degree backed by popular sentiment." The Afghan Boundary Commission is now encamped in their winter quarter of Meimanch. It is stated that General Zelony, the Russian Commissioner, will not arrive on the frontier until February.

In the UNITED STATES the New Orleans Exposition was opened on Tuesday with great ceremony, President Arthur giving the signal by wire from White House, Washington. There, surrounded by his Ministers and the Diplomatic Body, he delivered an inaugural address, which was duly telegraphed and repeated in the building at New Orleans—a complete electrical circuit having been formed, some 1,300 miles in length, between the Exposition and White House. At the Exposition, on the receipt of the President's declaration, a young lad, son of the Director-General Burke, moved a lever starting the machinery, as proxy for President Arthur, whose portrait meantime was displayed just over the boy's head. There was the usual musical selection of national airs, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" was followed by "God Save the Queen," the latter eliciting enthusiastic applause. The display in the Exposition is mainly agricultural and mineral, with extensive machinery. There is naturally a large show of American manufactures: cotton being specially and elaborately exhibited, from the plant itself through all its processes to the finished fabric. The chief prizes offered are 6,400*l*. for horticulture and 16,000*l*. for agriculture and live stock. At present the exhibits are far from complete, most of the European sections not being ready.

According to the *New York Times*, the Nicaraguan Treaty will empower the United States to construct a canal across the Isthmus, and grants in perpetuity to the United States a strip of land three miles wide on each side of the canal, together with ports and a harbour at Brito and at San Juan or Greytown. Nicaragua is certainly to have half the tolls; but the United States is to be the sole owner of the canal, to regulate the tolls, and moreover may build forts and take what measures it pleases for the defence of the canal. If this summary of the Treaty is authentic, the terms are in direct violation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, which provides distinctly against either the United States or England undertaking, without mutual arrangement, to construct any ship canal across the isthmus, it being also agreed that neither Power was to have exclusive control over any such ship canal, to erect fortifications in its vicinity, nor to assume dominion in any part of Nicaragua, while the subjects of both Powers were to be on an identical footing.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Cortes has been opened in PORTUGAL. The Royal Speech treated mainly of the West African Conference, now deliberating matters "so closely connected with the long-existent rights of Portugal." A contract for a cable to the West African coast, already begun, is also announced. The chief home political item is the proposed reform of the House of Peers.—In HUNGARY, Pesth is going to hold a grand international agricultural exhibition next spring.—In SOUTH AFRICA matters are still in a very unsettled condition. The Transvaal Boers have withdrawn entirely inside the Convention line, but agents from Bechuanaland are said to be recruiting both in the Transvaal and in the Orange Free State.—In CHINA the fiftieth birthday of the Empress (dowager) has been celebrated with great ceremony, and honours have been freely distributed. Unfortunately the hopes which were entertained that the opportunity might be taken to extend the hand of conciliation towards France have been falsified, and China still holds to her impossible conditions.—There is a revolution in COREA. While the King was entertaining the British Minister a tumult arose in the city, the King's son and his Ministers were assassinated, and the King fled to the hills. He has since put himself under the protection of Japan, which shares with China in the suzerainty of the little kingdom.



THE members of the Royal Family visited the Queen at Windsor on Saturday to observe, as usual, the anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and of Princess Alice. The Prince and Princess of Wales with their two sons, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Albany, and the Marquis of Lorne, stayed with Her Majesty at the Castle, while the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were the guests of Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge. On Sunday—the anniversary—the Queen and Royal Family, together with the Royal Household, attended a special Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and the choir of St. George's Chapel sang anthems and hymns. Subsequently the Royal party laid wreaths on the Prince Consort's tomb and the Princess Alice's monument, and the Mausoleum was left open for the Windsor residents to visit. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Christian spent the afternoon with Her Majesty, and the Duchess of Albany returned to Claremont, while Prince George left for Greenwich College. Next morning the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left Windsor, and Princess Christian lunched with the Queen. Major-General Sir J. M'Neill joined the Royal party at dinner. On Wednesday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left for Osborne, where the Duchess of Albany will join them for Christmas. The Queen will stay in the Isle of Wight until the middle of February.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to town on Saturday morning from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Prince was present at two meetings of the British Museum trustees before accompanying the Princess to Windsor. Returning to Marlborough House on Monday, the Prince and Princess left next afternoon to stay with Earl and Countess Dudley at Witley Court, Wiltshire. They were received by their hosts at Worcester, and drove through the town in an open carriage to the Court. Two days of their stay were devoted to shooting, and a meet of the Worcestershire Hounds was fixed for the third day, while to-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess leave for Worcester, where they will receive a formal welcome and address at the Guildhall, will visit the Royal Porcelain Works and the Cathedral, and will thence go to Sandringham for Christmas. On the 30th inst. the Prince and Princess will attend an amateur dramatic performance in the new Sandringham Club room in aid of the fund for restoring Wolferton Church.—Prince Albert Victor returned to College on Tuesday. At the end of last week he presented the prizes to the Cambridge Rifle Volunteers, and made a long speech on the advantages of the Volunteer system.

Princess Christian on Tuesday inaugurated the new buildings in connection with Middlesex Hospital. After the ceremony the Princess received purses and inspected the Hospital, giving her name, "Helena," to one of the wards. In the evening the Princess accompanied the Duchess of Edinburgh to the Court Theatre.

## EUROPEAN POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA

IF we carefully examine a map of the world, we shall find that more than half of the habitable surface of the globe is occupied by European States and their colonies, or by States which have sprung out of the latter. Population statistics, moreover, show that 56 per cent. of the total population of the globe lives within these States and Territories. Yet, while nearly all America and Australasia have become Europeanised, whilst even one-half of Asia obeys the behests of European rulers, European colonisation in Africa has hitherto made comparatively little progress. Irrespective of the territories in the basin of the Congo claimed or occupied by France and the "International Association," the European possessions in Africa embrace only 9 per cent. of the area, and scarcely more than 6 per cent. of the population of that continent. And yet Africa is comparatively near to Europe, and on her coasts were planted prosperous colonies by Greeks and Romans, whose presence survives now only in ruins of palatial buildings scattered between the Nile and the shores of the Atlantic.

Politically the Africa of to-day may be divided into four great divisions. There is first the Africa of the Mohammedans, which not only includes Morocco, the Turkish possessions (with Egypt and the Sultanate of Zanzibar, but also spreads over the whole of the Sahara, and is ever extending throughout the most productive countries of the "Belad es Sudân," or "Land of the Blacks." There are, secondly, two native "Christian" States, viz., Abyssinia in the East, and the Negro Republic of Liberia in the West. Next come the vast regions still held by heathen tribes; and finally the territories in the possession of European Powers. A careful estimate of the area and population of these divisions has yielded the following result:—

	Sq. Miles.	Population.	Inh. to Sq. Miles.	Per Cent. Total Pop.
Mohammedan Africa . . .	5,459,000	81,883,000	15	41.8
Native Christian States . .	274,000	5,000,000	24	2.4
Heathen Africa . . .	4,795,000	99,618,000	21	49.8
European Colonies . . .	1,057,000	12,502,000	12	6.2
Total . . .	11,515,000	201,000,000	18	100.0

### The European possessions:—

	Sq. Miles.	Population.	Inh. to Sq. Miles.	Per Cent. Total Pop.
British . . .	292,000	5,082,000	17	2.5
French . . .	336,520	6,144,800	18	3.1
Portuguese . . .	1,779,700	1,879,000	9	0.9
Spanish . . .	4,430	138,000	31	0.1
German, say . . .	60,000	50,000	1	0.0
Italian . . .	244	1,300	5	0.0
Independent Dutch Africa .	166,000	1,007,000	6	0.5

The geographical distribution of the British Colonies may be studied from the accompanying map. That which chiefly interests us at present is the recent annexation of the delta of the Niger and of the "Oil Rivers" to the east of it, as far as Victoria, on Amba Bay, at the foot of Mount Cameroons. For all practical purposes the Niger has long since been a British river. Its exploration has been carried on mainly, if not solely, by travellers despatched by the British Government, and the whole of its trade now passes through the factories of the great "National African Company," which has swallowed up or ousted all rival traders. The Niger is, indeed, a noble river, only inferior to the Nile and the Congo, and for the present, at all events, superior to the latter as a field for commercial enterprise. Its length is 2,300 miles. From Bamako, where the French have recently built a fort, down to the sea, a distance of 2,034 miles, it may be navigated in flat-bottomed boats during the rainy season, for Flegel tells us that the Cataracts of Bussa, 560 miles above its mouth, can be passed by canoes in August and September, whilst Buonafanti, who recently ascended the Niger in a boat from Say to the Port of Timbuktu, makes the same statement with reference to the rapids at the great bend below that town. The only section of the Lower Niger not yet explored—viz., that between Gambo and Say, presents no impediments at all to navigation if the boatmen employed by Flegel can be believed. The Binue, the great tributary of the Niger, has been navigated in a steam launch as high up as Ribago, a distance of 576 miles. Flegel was told that during the rainy season there existed a practicable water-way between that river and the Shari, which would open up a road into the basin of Lake Tsad. The Niger has now become a British river, but its navigation is to be free, as hitherto, as far as English influence reaches, and neither will duties be charged nor differential treatment extended to non-British subjects.

France has been busy within recent years extending her African possessions. Senegambia, which first began to flourish under the wise and energetic rule of General Faidherbe, is to be developed into a kind of "French India." Military expeditions have advanced quite recently to the Upper Niger, where a fort is now held at Bamako, a railway is under construction from the Upper Senegal, and the work of consolidation of these widely-scattered domains appears to be progressing, notwithstanding the hostility of some of the native tribes. Equally ambitious are the designs of France in the basins of the Ogowe and the Congo. The Ogowe, owing to its numerous cataracts, not presenting a suitable highroad to the Upper Congo, France now claims the whole of the coast from the Gabon southward to the Portuguese territory round Landana. She claims likewise the whole of the basin of the Kuilu and the right bank of the Congo from Brazzaville upwards; and not content with this she extends her pretensions to a territory on the left bank of the Congo, within which are situated the stations of Leopoldville, Msuata, and Kuamouth, founded by the International Association. If these encroachments of France upon territories first occupied by the Association were to be conceded, the operations of the latter would be seriously crippled, and the alleged agreement, in virtue of which the stations of the Association are to be eventually surrendered to that Power, had perhaps better be carried out at once.

Quite as aggressive is the conduct of France in connection with Madagascar, where the promising Christian state of the Hovas is threatened with ruin.

In tinting the Portuguese possessions on our map we have included only those districts within which Portugal exercises real authority. Her claims, however, are far more extensive, and more especially does she claim the territories on the Lower Congo to the south of lat 5 deg. 12 min. These claims of Portugal are not merely advanced on the strength of her having discovered that river just four hundred years ago. They are based also on territorial cessions by native chiefs, on the exercise of jurisdiction during many years, and on treaties concluded with France and England. France admits the Portuguese claims, whilst England interprets the treaties (worded, as usual, rather ambiguously) in a different sense. The occupation of the territory of Landana in September, 1883, however, will hold good, whatever decision may be come to with reference to the Congo. Whatever the legal aspects of these Portuguese claims there is no doubt that merchants who have experienced the differential treatment at Portuguese custom-houses and the chicanery of Portuguese officials, are strongly adverse to their acknowledgment. Nor can there be any doubt that those Portuguese statesmen who advise their government against a further expansion of Portuguese colonial possessions, even now out of proportion to the resources of the mother country, deserve to be listened to.

Germany, whose sons have gone in millions across the Atlantic, and who owns some seventy factories on the West Coast of Africa, has only within this present year unfurled her flag over a colonial possession of her own. Prince Bismarck required a great deal of urging before he made up his mind to take this step; but as soon as he had done so he acted promptly and with vigour.



In May of the present year Dr. Nachtigal, the well-known African traveller, was despatched in the *Merve* to Western Africa, and in the course of a few months he took possession of three tracts of territory. The first of these lies between the British Gold Coast and Lagos; the second extends from Bimbia, at the foot of the Cameroons, southward to Batanga; whilst the third embraces the whole of the coast of Damara and Great Namaqua Land for twenty German or ninety-two English miles inland, only excepting Walvisch Bay, which forms part of Cape Colony since 1878. Various places along the coast of Namaqua Land have been purchased from the natives by British subjects, whose rights will of course have to be respected by Germany. Had the annexation of this coast in 1876 by the Cape Government been sanctioned by the home authorities, and had Consul Hewett made his appearance in the Cameroons River a couple of days sooner than he did, Dr. Nachtigal would not have found such eligible sites to plant the German flag upon.

It still devolves upon us to say a few words about the Congo and the "International Association," which formed the most prominent subject of discussion at the Berlin Conference. The Congo has a length of 2,690 miles, drains a basin of 1,333,000 square miles, and is the home of between thirty or forty million human beings. With the territories on the Atlantic sea-board included in Mr. Stanley's "Commercial Basin," the area is 1,400,000 square miles, whilst the zone on the East Coast, within which all restrictions to trade are to be removed as far as practicable, extends over 395,000 square miles more. When Mr. Stanley first went out in 1879 to carry on the work so magnificently and unselfishly promoted by the King of the Belgians, he and the Lower Congo occupied by 19 European traders, whilst now there are 186, of whom as many as 67 are Portuguese. The import last year amounted to 884,000*l.*, the exports to 1,856,000*l.* Forty-three stations have been founded by the Association, between Boma, near the mouth of the river, and the foot of Stanley Falls, 1,244 miles above it. Means for building a railway just the falls on the Lower Congo to Stanley Pool appear to have been secured. As the United States, Germany, and England have acknowledged the "Free State of the Congo" as an independent political Power, nothing would stand now in the way of a free development of the work initiated by the Association, if it were not for the rivalry of France, already referred to. In the mean time the Berlin Congress has at least secured the interests of traders for twenty years to come by decreeing that within that period the "Commercial Basin," as defined on our map, shall be open to traders and missionaries of all nations, that no import duties shall be levied nor taxes raised beyond what may be necessary to cover expenses incurred in the interests of trade. The fate of the Congo after the expiration of these twenty years will very much depend upon the territorial arrangements which may take place in the mean time, and with these the Congress does not propose to concern itself.

In connection with these notes on recent colonial acquisitions, it may be appropriate to say a few words on the trade of Africa with the outer world. That trade is utterly insignificant in proportion to the population of Africa. More than twenty years ago, in 1861, the writer of this article computed it at 37,721,000*l.* It has since increased to 75,635,000*l.*—viz., 40,405,000*l.* imports from and 35,230,000*l.* exports to Africa. This is an increase of 101 per cent.; and although ascribable in part to a higher appreciation of ivory, oil, rubber, and other staples of African produce, yet in the main it is due to a development of commerce. But even now the whole of this African trade does not attain the dimensions of that carried on by the eight million inhabitants of Scandinavia.

Mr. Stanley is therefore perfectly justified when he speaks in glowing terms of the potentiality of African trade. And though the wants of the inhabitants of a tropical country may be fewer than those of people living under a more inclement climate, they have wants, and their wants increase with the facility with which they can be satisfied. If the trade of all Africa were to attain the proportions of that carried on with South Africa alone (where the bulk of the population is of native race), it would swell to something like a thousand millions, and if the standard of the British West Indies should ever be reached it would amount to 1,800,000,000*l.*, being twenty-five fold what it now is.

The insignificance of the present trade with Africa becomes even more apparent if we divide that continent into commercial regions. We shall then find that the trade of the Mediterranean countries absorbs 38,501,000*l.* of the total; that Réunion, Mauritius, and other islands account for 8,139,000*l.*, and South Africa for 13,030,000*l.*, thus leaving only 15,965,000*l.* for all the rest, including European colonies on the East and West coasts as well as territories under native rule. The Mediterranean trade has nearly doubled within the last twenty-three years; that of the East and West coasts has risen 134 per cent.; whilst South Africa, where European influences are more powerful, exhibits a trade expansion of 192 per cent.

Of the whole world's trade with Africa, that of the British Empire (including India) absorbs no less than 57 per cent., and it certainly speaks well for the enterprise of British merchants when we find that their trade, within the period referred to, and notwithstanding the serious competition they had to meet, has increased 99 per cent., whilst France, with African Colonial possessions nearly twice as populous as are those of England, only carries on 25 per cent. of the whole trade, and has increased her share in it to the extent of 57 per cent. only. All other countries lag far behind England and France as regards their commercial transactions with Africa. They rank as follows:—Turkey, Italy, United States, Germany, Russia, and Austria. No other country does business with Africa reaching annually a value of one million sterling.

E. G. RAVENSTEIN, F.R.G.S.



THE BISHOP OF EXETER presided and spoke at a special meeting of the National Temperance League held this week in Exeter Hall on the occasion of the distribution of prizes for essays on Temperance by a number of pupils in elementary schools, and others engaged in the work of education. While advertizing to the necessity for a legislative removal of the temptations and obstacles which obstructed the progress of Temperance, Bishop Temple said that the Temperance cause was mainly an educational one. The party which he represented had certainly no desire to coerce—they hoped to convince. They did not shrink from having their every assertion tested in any way.

FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS have been voted from the Bishop of Rochester's Fund for the erection of the eighth church, to be built at Rotherhithe, and dedicated to St. Bartholomew, of the ten for which the fund was initiated only two years ago.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL has been visiting mission stations in the poorest parts of Bristol. In the course of an address to the carters of the city he spoke strongly on the cruelty of bearing-reins, and in favour of kindness to the animal creation.

"A LONDON NONCONFORMIST MINISTER" has written to the *Times* expressing his regret that the episcopal appeal on behalf of

the "Bishop Anson Fire Fund," referred to in this column last week, was made exclusively to Churchmen. Permission to contribute would, he says, be gladly received by those like himself, having sons in the Canadian Far West, "who, in that remote solitude, have been cheered and instructed by the labours of the admirable man on whom this calamity has fallen."

THAT THE DAY BEFORE had been the centenary of Dr. Johnson's death was referred to in several pulpits on Sunday. In the afternoon the Rev. A. Ainger, the Reader at the Temple (in which Johnson as well as Goldsmith had chambers) devoted much of his sermon to an estimate of his worth as an author, a man, and a Christian.—Though the Mayor of Lichfield's proposal to celebrate the centenary in Johnson's birthplace was not successful, it has led to the erection by a resident in Macclesfield of a tombstone in St. Michael's, Lichfield, on which is inscribed Johnson's stately Latin epitaph on his father, mother, and brother. One of the last of Johnson's compositions, having been written a few days before his death, it was originally placed on a stone in that church, but seems to have been removed in 1796, when St. Michael's was paved.

DR. JOHNSON'S WIFE, a widow of the name of Porter when he married her, was interred in the nave of the parish church of Bromley, a new chancel in which was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Monday.

MR. A. L. THOROLD, only son of the Bishop of Rochester, and an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church.



THE week before Christmas week has this year maintained its character as a dull week in theatrical annals. With the exception of some trifling additional features introduced into the performance of *The Babes in the Wood* at TOOLE'S Theatre, and another change in the constantly shifting bill of the French performances at the ROYALTY, where our old acquaintance *Trioche et Cacolet* has been once more revived, there is practically no novelty to record. Next week several houses will remain closed to allow for the preparations for the Christmas entertainments, some few of which will be given on Christmas Eve, while others will be reserved for Boxing Night. DRURY LANE, as is well known, takes its stand in this regard upon the ancient ways, and not only eschews "public dress rehearsals," but also disdains the suburban fashion of an afternoon as well as evening performance on Boxing Day. Accordingly the new pantomime of *Whittington and His Cat*—the theme, it will be observed, is not an entirely new one, but when did the pantomime writer thirst after novelty?—will make its appearance on Friday evening next. Some hours earlier—that is, at two in the day, COVENT GARDEN, converted for the season into a circus, will open its doors for the production of a grand equestrian pantomime, to be played by 150 children in the ring, and called *St. George and the Dragon, or the Seven Champions of Christendom*. So much for the great houses which prepare special Christmas entertainments. As regards the suburban houses, pantomimes will, as usual, be universal, and for the most part will be given twice on Boxing Day.

Mr. Hollingshead has engaged the services of Miss Florence St. John and Miss Alice Barnett, who will appear shortly in comic opera at the EMPIRE Theatre.

A new comedy, in three acts, written by Mr. Edward Rose, and entitled *That Young Man*, is to be produced at a morning performance at the VAUDEVILLE on Tuesday next.

*Plot and Passion* has been revived this week at the IMPERIAL Theatre, with Mr. Hermann Vezin as Desmarets and Mrs. Digby Willoughby as Madame de Fontanges.

An original comedietta, by Miss May Holt, entitled *Sweetheart, Good Bye*, will precede the performance of *Our Boys* at the STRAND on Monday next.

In the forthcoming revival of *As You Like It* at the ST. JAMES'S, Mrs. Kendal will play Rosalind, Mr. Hare Adam, Mr. Kendal Orlando, Mr. Vezin Jaques, Mr. Maclean the banished Duke, Mr. J. T. Young Touchstone, Miss Linda Dietz Celia, Miss Webster Phoebe, and Miss Leigh Audrey.

The series of Wednesday afternoon light performances at the COURT Theatre appear likely to be received with growing favour by playgoers.

Miss Kate Vaughan and her company have returned to town after a prolonged tour in the provinces.



CRYSTAL PALACE.—The last of the Orchestral Concerts of the present year was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. To-day, Gounod's *Redemption* will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Manns, and the Saturday Concerts will then be suspended till the second week of February. The postponement of Berlioz's *Te Deum* has deprived the pre-*Noel* season of part of its interest; but the work is promised later on. Last Saturday Mr. F. H. Cowen conducted the concert, and his *Welsh* Symphony was performed for the third time in London. The opinion—reasons for arriving at which have already been expressed—that the *Welsh* is not likely to reach the popularity attained by its predecessor, the *Scandinavian* Symphony, gains ground. On Saturday the audience was not only small, but not particularly enthusiastic, despite the fact that the symphony, and especially the slow movement, was admirably played by the Crystal Palace orchestra. The Schumann Concerto was played by that conscientious pianist, Herr Franz Rummel; and Miss Mary Davies sang. It may be worthy of remark that Mr. Cowen conducted the whole of the concert without once referring to the score, a feat of memory which can, however, hardly be recommended for imitation.

"ST. MARY."—It is not often that a new oratorio, of important dimensions, is produced by a provincial musical society. *St. Mary*, by Dr. J. Frank Sawyer, the well-known organist, journalist, and lecturer, of Brighton, produced last Saturday at the Dome, is an exception to the rule. The London critics, of course, could not be present; but the work is published. The words are not taken from Holy Writ, but the libretto is chiefly in verse, and is largely borrowed from the writings of our poets. There are only three characters: St. Mary, a soprano; the Narrator, a contralto; and the Archangel Gabriel, a tenor. The oratorio is divided into a series of seven scenes typical of the leading events in the Virgin's life. In the scene of the Annunciation, Longfellow's lines are used in the dialogue between the Virgin and the Archangel, and the tenor aria is set to Keble's hymn, "Ave Maria! Blessed Maid!" In the second scene, in Elizabeth's home, the salutation is followed by the Metrical Version of the Magnificat, set as a soprano solo; and the reflective lines, beginning "Swift fly the years, and rise th'

expected morn!" from Pope's *Messiah*, are assigned to the chorus. The scene of the Nativity, with its semi-chorus of rapidly-advancing angels, singing Keble's "Glorio to God on High!" until angels and shepherds join in a melodious setting of "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," is one of the most effective in the work. The "Flight into Egypt" is chiefly a soprano scene; and in the Marriage in Cana of Galilee an effective Hebrew wedding march and scene is borrowed from a poem by Dean Milman. The Crucifixion, Resurrection, and a final chorus, the words taken from the poems of Johann Von Rist, Pollok, and Heber, conclude the work.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At the Popular Concerts Mdle. Kleeberg pleased her audience with an excellent rendering of Schumann's *Carnaval*. The last concert of the season will be given on Saturday, when, in commemoration of the 114th anniversary of Beethoven's birth on the 16th instant, the whole of the programme will be devoted to the music of the Bonn master, including the quintet in C, and the "Kreutzer" and "Pathetic" sonatas.—The orchestra and choir of the Guildhall School of Music, under the conductorship of Mr. Weist Hill, gave a concert in the Guildhall on Saturday. The chief item of the programme was Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of the 95th Psalm.—The New Club Austrian Band gave the last of their six concerts at Steinway Hall on Tuesday. We hope we may hear them again.—Madame Sophie Löwe's last recital was devoted exclusively to the works of Johannes Brahms. The programme became somewhat monotonous, although it included the popular "Liebeslieder Waltzer."—Concerts of which no further notice is possible have also been given in aid of the Post Office Home, by M. Henri Amsel, Mdle. d'Esterre Keeling, Mr. Henry Holmes, Madame Sainton Dolley's pupils, the Wandering Minstrels, Dr. Stainer's Male Voice Choir, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has commenced the composition of the new opera, which will be heard at the Savoy Theatre in the spring. It is said to be upon a Japanese subject.—Madame Valleria, who last week suffered a slight carriage accident, had sufficiently recovered to sing on Tuesday.—The new premises of the Guildhall School of Music on the Thames Embankment are to cost 25,000*l.*—The newest form of concert advertising is that adopted by Mr. Ambrose Austin, who has caused the names of the artists engaged for his Boxing Day concert at the Albert Hall to be printed on pocket-handkerchiefs. The idea, if somewhat suggestive, is at any rate reasonable.—M. de Pachmann is on a highly successful tour in Russia.—Mr. F. H. Cowen will be entertained at a complimentary dinner on Friday by the Society of Musicians, Glasgow.



THE SMITHFIELD SHOW OF 1884 must be regarded as having been decidedly successful, although the rain which fell throughout the entire week of the Show doubtless deterred a number of intending visitors. As regards the cattle, the champion prize was taken by a first cross between the Shorthorn and Hereford breeds, the owner being Mr. Robert Wortley, of Aylsham, Norfolk, who took the first prize at the Norwich Show with the same animal. It is a wondrously massy beast, best in the fore-quarters, but altogether a veritable triumph of breeding and fattening. It is white in colour, with some strawbery markings, and has moderately long horns. Although weighing nearly 24 cwt., it can hardly be called obese. The other cross-breeds shown were not quite up to Club Show standard. The Herefords were excellent, but not numerous; but the Devons were both a good show and a large one. In the Hereford classes the principal winners were Her Majesty the Queen, Mr. Lewis Lloyd, and Mr. James Watson; while in the Devons the leading winners were the Queen and Mr. Rolles Fryer. The Shorthorns were a great show, and were marked by early maturity and excellent quality. It is evident that this famous North Country breed is fully holding its own. The Eastern Counties sent a small but choice collection of red-polled cattle, and Sussex was very powerfully represented. Mr. Godman, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Major Best, and other breeders are evidently improving this race, and bringing it up into that front rank from which hitherto it may be said to have been excluded. Only four Welsh cattle were shown; but the Highlanders were both numerous and fine. As regards sheep, the Leicesters surpassed expectation, and the Kentish equalled previous years' shows. The Southdowns were very even and difficult to judge, the Shropshires few in number and good in character, the Oxford Devons perhaps the most promising class of sheep in the Show. Pigs were not very good, though Lord Radnor's small Whites and Mr. Vincent's Berkshires deserved commendation. There was a great show of seeds and implements, which demanded more space than ever for their exhibition.

MR. JACOB WILSON received no more than due honour from agriculturists at the great banquet recently held in Willis's Rooms. No more unselfish and single-hearted worker in the cause of agriculture has ever made a name in the annals of our Royal Society, and the successful passing of the Cattle Diseases Act, under a Government half of whose followers were bitterly hostile to the measure, is a fact that witnesses alike for Mr. Wilson's energy and tact. The honour attaching to this measure is virtually shared between the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Wilson, but the latter is not a party man, and has been able to give to the subject an amount of attention which His Grace was at the banquet the first to acknowledge. Of those who attended on the occasion of a testimonial being presented to Mr. Wilson it may briefly be said that the list was thoroughly representative of the agricultural interest of Great Britain, including great landowners, tenant farmers, cattle breeders, dairy farmers, agricultural writers and authors, together with several foreign and American well-wishers to the cause of the oldest of the arts.

MR. CHAPLIN, at the presentation dinner, made an energetic speech, in which he protested against the callousness with which the country was contemplating the more than possible extinction of wheat-growing in the United Kingdom. Dreadful anxiety for good supply in time of war, absolute starvation for even a few months we lost command of the sea, and even with peace an enormous and disastrous displacement of labour, such were some of the results which would follow on an abandonment of wheat-growing in the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Chaplin did not believe that wheat could be displaced without the utmost danger to the nation and injury to its agriculture, and if there was no other way of defending wheat cultivators from ruin he for one should have courage to demand a complete reversal of the fiscal policy which for forty years had found favour in this country. The protracted cheering with which one of the greatest agricultural gatherings of the year received this speech may be commended to the attention of political economists.

SIR MASSEY LOPES, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, has offered a prize of a hundred pounds for the best silo in the country in actual work during the winter of 1885-6. The details of the competition will shortly be obtainable from Mr. Jenkins, the Secretary to the Royal Society. As there are already nearly seven hundred silos in the United Kingdom, and the competition takes place this time next year, there may not impossibly be a thousand competitors. For the Ensilage Show at Smithfield

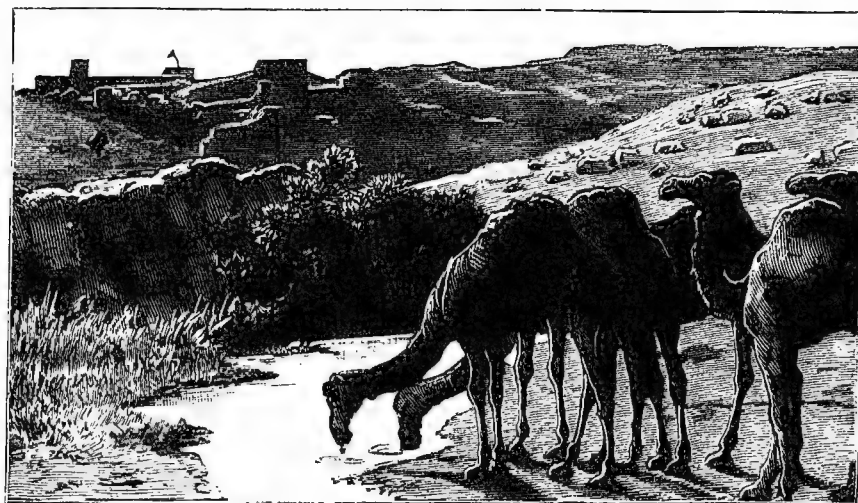




SOME TYPES OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



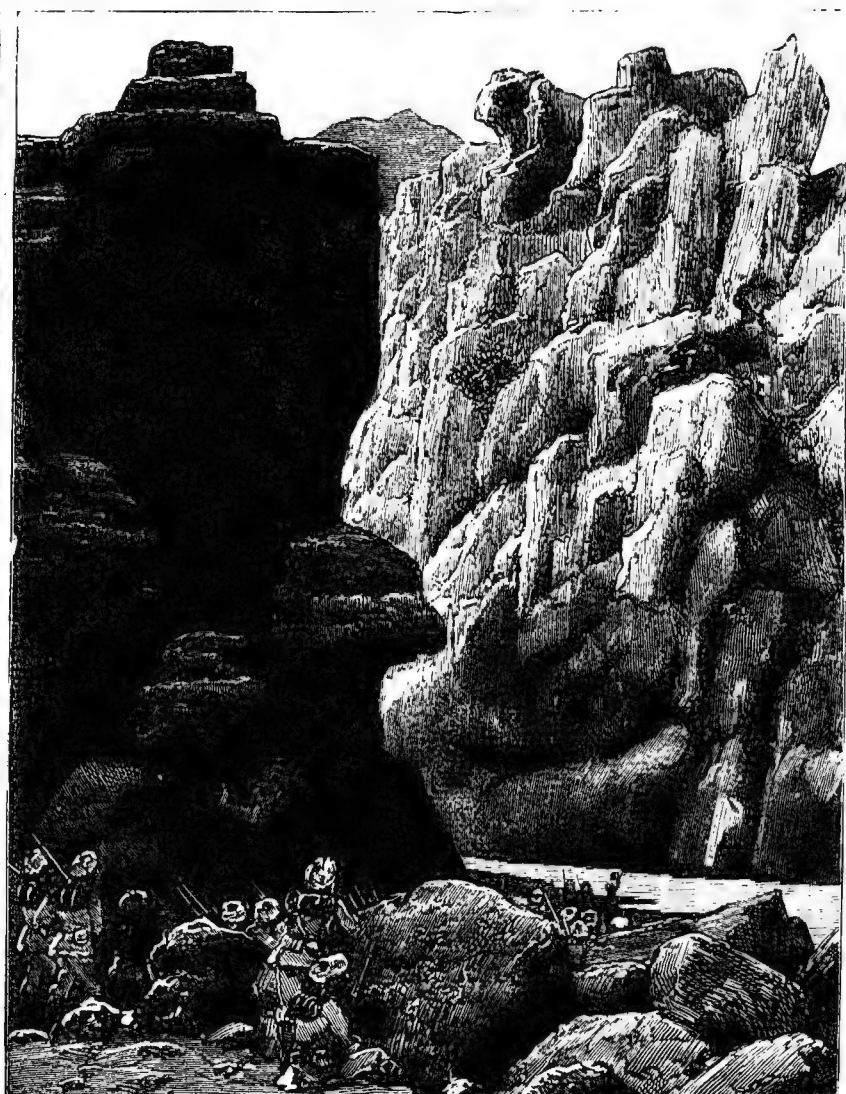
A HALT AT BUZ KHUSHI, BELOW FORT MUNRO



CHOTIALI: CAMELS DRINKING



FORD OVER THE ANAMBAR, KHURU IN THE DISTANCE



ENTRANCE TO THE STIPELAI TANGI

THE ZHOB VALLEY EXPEDITION TO CHASTISE THE KAKAR PATHANS





"LISTENING TO THE WAITS"



there were over three hundred entries, though the champion winner could only get a purse of five guineas and a cup worth ten pounds. The importance of ensilage is somewhat tardily recognised by the Royal Society, and it is a drawback to our national Conservatism that private individuals are left to try experiments while wealthy institutions extend their patronage as soon as—and not before—the experiments have proved so successful that the patronage could be easily dispensed with. Success in this country is already well endowed, and it is not merely a coterie of professors and theorists who think the time has come when something should be done for the endowment of research.

**DUTCH AND JERSEY COWS** have been brought into competition by Mr. Walter Gilbey, of Elsenham, with the result that although the Dutch breed gave the most milk, the Jerseys produced the most butter, and did this on far less food than the beasts from the Dykes. During the period of experiment the Dutch cows ate 1,295 lbs., while the Jerseys consumed 907 lbs. only. The Dutch cows gave 27½ quarts of milk per diem, and the Jerseys only 15½, but the Dutch milk on churning yielded only 24 lbs. of butter, while the Jerseys gave 28 lbs. and some ounces.

**THE FARMERS' CLUB** have been holding their annual dinner, and discussing the question of cattle imports with some vigour. Mr. Moreton Frewen, the famous importer of American cattle, was an invited guest, and his views did not appear to be at all popular; and Mr. Duckham's reply to the suggestion of American cattle being admitted into this country was more forcible than polite. On the subject of contagious cattle disease Mr. Frewen is understood to hold the "spontaneous" theory, which most veterinary and scientific authorities reject. On the question of disease prevailing in America, Mr. Frewen has a far better case. That Texas fever is a disease of the fungoid-parasitic order, and widely distinguishable from the disease known over here, seems easily establishable, as also that the reports sent over from America have in many cases been proved to be manufactured by a Chicago ring, who are interested in opposing a live as against a dead meat trade. Canada at present, too, is classed as a "safe" country, and the United States as "unsafe," yet between the two countries is 2,000 miles of unfenced frontier across which cattle roam at will.



**TUESDAY**, the 13th of January, is fixed for the hearing of the appeal in the case of the Queen v. Yates, in which the defendant, as the proprietor and editor of the *World*, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for a libel on the Earl of Lonsdale. The appeal is based on an alleged informality in the inception of the criminal information brought by Lord Lonsdale against Mr. Yates.

**THE MOST STRIKING** of many recent lessons on the responsibility of trustees is the decision of Mr. Justice Chitty in the Chancery Division ordering a Mr. Mitchell, a trustee under his father's will, to pay out of his own pocket \$8,564, remitted by him for payment into Court to a firm of solicitors, of which Tattershall, the notorious delinquent, being a member, fraudulently appropriated that sum. The Judge acquitted Mr. Mitchell of all moral blame, but held him responsible for the loss of the money, inasmuch as he had remitted it to the solicitors before orders for its payment into Court had been made, and subsequently neglected to ascertain, after the order was made, whether it had been duly paid into Court.

**WHAT IS THE PRECISE MEANING** of "foundation" and of "site" in the Metropolitan Buildings Act Amendment Act of 1878? In a bye-law of the Metropolitan Board of Works, intended to prevent building on a disused burial ground unless the human remains in it had been disinterred and removed, that portion of the virgin soil of the earth nearest to the lowest part of a building was taken to be the foundation, and the site to be the *locus* of the building. On this interpretation of the words summonses were issued against a builder who had erected houses on an old private unconsecrated cemetery which had been closed in 1847, and in which a number of persons had been buried after the cholera visitation of 1832. The builder had not removed the human remains, and it was contended that his "foundations" and "site" were the earth at the bottom of the graves—that formerly in them having been removed for purposes of interment. But above the graves was a layer of builder's rubbish, and on the lowest part of this he had placed a bed of concrete, on which his foundations rested. On an appeal from Mr. Hannay, the police magistrate, the Queen's Bench Division have decided that "foundation" and "site" did not in the Act bear the meaning which was attached to them in the appellant's interpretation of the bye-law of the Board of Works, that the latter was, if to be thus interpreted, *ultra vires*, and that the erection of the buildings was therefore legal. Still, one would think, it cannot be comfortable for a tenant to feel that his house is built over the remains of persons who died of cholera, to say nothing of the risk of the possible subsidence of the concrete "foundation."

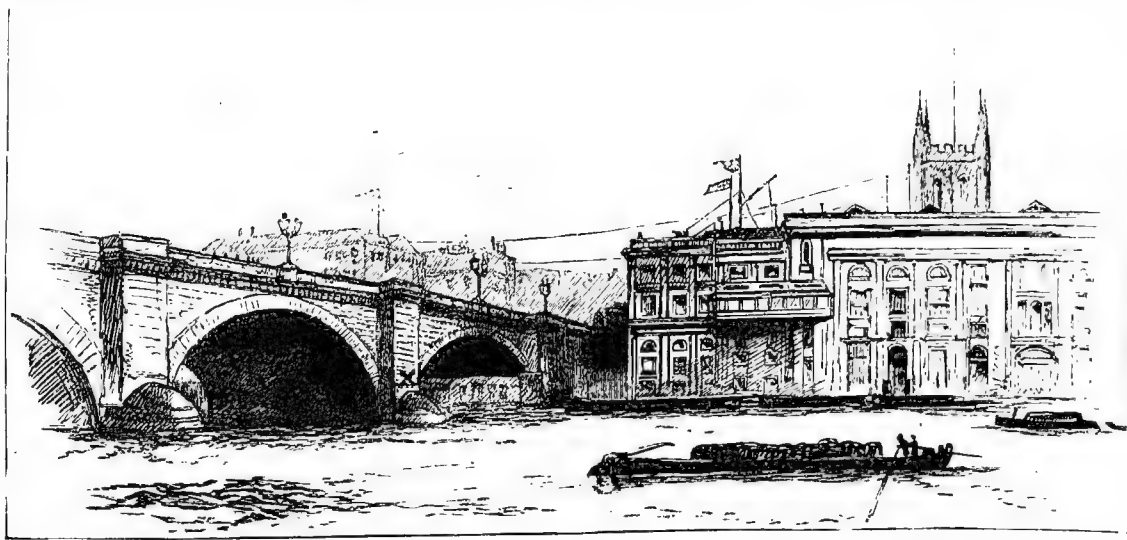
**IN ANOTHER**, and a different case, the High Court of Justice has confirmed the decision of a magistrate who, at the instance of the Metropolitan Board of Works, had authorised it to pull down two houses built with bad mortar. The builder had been previously summoned and fined for using such mortar, but did not make any alteration in the structure. The Board have now pulled down one of the houses, and will pull down the other as soon as it is empty.

**FROM THACKERAY DOWNWARDS** AND ONWARDS, the grammar and orthography of "Policeman X." have been made fun of. The new Lord Mayor's equanimity has been disturbed less by the linguistic peculiarities of the London constabulary than by the indistinctness of their utterance in the witness-box. Commenting on this defect when executing justice at the Mansion House, his lordship recommended the establishment of an elocution class at the headquarters of the City Police in the Old Jewry, as likely to promote the despatch of business in the City Courts.

### THE LONDON BRIDGE EXPLOSION

ON Saturday afternoon an attempt, alarming, but fortunately unsuccessful, to blow up London Bridge was made, doubtless by the same gang of desperadoes who have perpetrated several outrages with dynamite in various parts of the metropolis during the last eighteen months, and hitherto with complete impunity. The time of the explosion, as nearly as can be ascertained, was 5.42 P.M., about two hours after sunset, when, on a Saturday, many working people are going to and fro on London Bridge. The immediate "objective" of the miscreants, who seem to have carefully planned the time and place of the execrable outrage, was the second arch on the Surrey side of the bridge, under which the explosive seems to have been fired at the north-eastern side of its first buttress. As described by policemen who witnessed it from the steamboat pier on the Surrey side, the flash of the explosion was blinding in its brilliancy. The flash was followed by a tremendous report, which was distinctly heard from Highbury and Leytonstone to Woolwich and Bromley. No injury to human life was done, and the effect of the explosion on the bridge was chiefly visible in the displacement of some of its mortar, and in a long irregular crack at a

point just above low water (shown by a cross in our engraving), at the base of the second abutment on the Surrey side. But the concussion broke the windows of houses for some distance, especially on the side of the Thames farthest from the explosion, this destruction extending from the Cannon Street Station of the South-Eastern Railway, where large squares in the lofty glass screen overhead were smashed, and from the Old Swan Pier, to Billingsgate Market, the Custom House, and Fishmongers' Hall, several old warehouses above which, abutting on the river, were severely shaken. Of course the scene of the explosion was at once carefully inspected by official experts and by the police. Besides the discovery which was made of the crack already referred to, some shreds of canvas were picked up near the Surrey shore, which, being both charred and impregnated with the gases given off when dynamite is exploded, are supposed to have formed part of a piece of canvas in which the explosive was wrapped. Various conflicting theories were



broached as to the mode in which the explosion was effected. One was that the explosive had been let down to the buttress, or was hurled into the water from the bridge above; another that it was deposited on the buttress from below; another, again, that the material was anchored and floated below the water, and with the time-fuse set. This last theory receives confirmation from several facts which have been ascertained. One of them is that at half-past four on Saturday afternoon three men, who had with them a parcel, hired a boat at Queenhithe Stairs and proceeded down stream with the tide through Southwark Bridge. They left four shillings as a guarantee for the return of the boat, but they did not come back with it. The owner of the missing boat states that one of the three men who hired it on Saturday had been in the habit of hiring a boat. Moreover, it was ascertained, on Wednesday, that the explosive had probably been suspended from one of the iron gratings which, with a view to obviate a long-expected attempt to blow up the bridge, were placed some time ago over horizontal holes, each two feet in circumference, made by the builders of the bridge in several of its buttresses. From a boat under the arch this operation could have been performed without attracting attention. It is further inferred that the explosive material, of which a large quantity must have been used, was sunk under the water, the geyser-like appearance of which, noticed by some observers at the time of the explosion, would thus be accounted for. In fact, it is extremely probable that the explosion was caused by a very skilfully constructed torpedo of tremendous potency.



**THE TURF.**—The present has been a blank week as far as cross-country work is concerned, and, with the exception of the unfortunate jockeys who will have to ride some races at Kempton and elsewhere, the knights of the pigskin have begun their Christmas holiday and indulgence in Christmas gastronomy.—It is evident that the Jockey Club intends to be very strict with the fraternity, and that the notice just published by Messrs. Weatherly, to the effect that licences will be only granted to jockeys on condition that they are not owners, or part owners, of any racehorse, means what it says. Nor will they be allowed to bet in the extravagant way many have been doing, or to receive presents from other than owners of the horses they ride.

**COURSING.**—Recent public meetings have not been important ones; but it may be noted that at Plumpton, Glenbloom the winner, and Skilful Lady, the runner-up in the Brighton Cup (Cup and 250/-), and Buckingham, the winner of the Patcham Stakes, were all the progeny of the champion sire, Misterton.

**FOOTBALL.**—The weather continues favourable for the "leather-hunters," and the second round of the Football Association Cup contest has, with the exception of the "ties," been played off, and the draw has taken place for the third round, which must be concluded before the 3rd of next month. Over thirty clubs remain in, and among them are:—Old Etonians, Old Carthusians, and Old Wykehamists. Aston Villa, Blackburn Rovers, and Swifts are among the most formidable aspirants to the trophy.—For the London Association Cup, United London Scottish and West-End have played a drawn game; Old Foresters have beaten Union; Upton Park (holders), Clapham Rovers; Barnes, Hendon; while Old Etonians and Dulwich will have to fight their battle over again.—Under Association Rules Halliwell has beaten Derby County, which has played a drawn game with Darwen; Cambridge University has beaten Middlesex; Notts County, Nottingham Rangers; Lancashire, Sheffield; and Aston Villa, Cambridge University.—Under Rugby Rules, Dulwich College has beaten Richmond; Clapham Rovers, Sussex; and Surrey Wanderers, Ealing.

**CYCLING.**—The "Safety" bicycle contest has been going on merrily at the Aquarium this week, and a well-conducted business it is, but the number of falls which the professional riders have had already suggested that the title of the vehicles is on the principle of the *lucus a non lucendo* etymology. The veteran, John Keen, is among the competitors, though he does not seem "on the job" this journey. He may be called the father, or among the fathers, of professional cycling, and his career as a rider, and the material help he has given as a workman himself towards the mechanical perfection

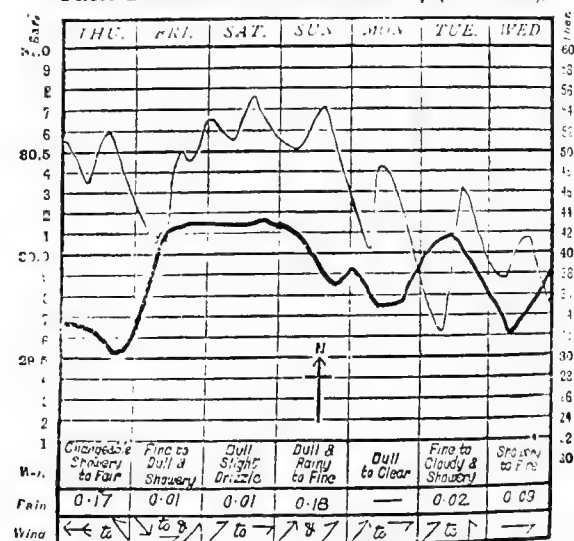
of machines, fully justifies the movement now on foot to present him with a valuable testimonial of recognition.

**SWIMMING.**—Considerable interest was felt at Blackpool, where the race took place, and in natatory circles generally, about the mile swimming contest between J. Finney and J. J. Collier, in the Prince of Wales's Baths, for 50/- a-side, both men having previously won more than one champion race. On this occasion Collier seemed out of it from the very first, and gave up the contest after swimming a little more than a quarter of a mile.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—The mettle of the professional "ped," seems fully put up; and now Littlewood, the late winner of the Astley Belt at the Aquarium, and Rowell have come forward to say that they are willing to enter into long-distance contests with any men in the world, and especially with Americans. We shall therefore probably find before long that a big tournament will be arranged between our champions and some of the Transatlantic representatives, to be brought out in this country.

**CRICKET.**—News has come to hand that Shaw's English Eleven has beaten Murdoch's team, at Adelaide, by eight wickets. The scores also of previous matches have arrived, from which it appears that among the biggest scores are a "century" by Uytendaele, playing against the Fifteen of South Australia, and a 45 by Barnes against an Eighteen.

### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM DECEMBER 11 TO DECEMBER 17 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which the extremes occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather over the British Islands during the past week has again been in an unsettled and rainy condition, with high winds from the westward at most places. Throughout the time an area of high pressure existed in the neighbourhood of France, while several large depressions skirted our northern coasts in a north-easterly direction. The deepest of these disturbances was that which passed outside the north-eastern coast of Scotland in an east-north-easterly direction on Saturday (13th inst.). As it approached the barometer fell quickly in the north, the wind veered to the south-westward and increased in force, and rain fell generally, and subsequently (as it progressed eastward) the wind veered to the west, and blew a whole gale in the north of Scotland, and fresh or strong winds blew over parts of our north-western coasts. In the south of the United Kingdom the weather was locally affected by several small subsidaries, most of which crossed the country in an easterly direction, and were accompanied by rain or snow. Towards the close of the week, although hail and sleet showers were reported from the west and north-west, an improvement in the weather was shown pretty generally. Temperature during the greater part of the week has been much above the average, but, falling many degrees towards the end of the period (clearly shown in diagram), differed but little then from its normal level. The barometer was highest (30.16 inches) on Saturday (13th inst.); lowest (29.81 inches) on Thursday (11th inst.); range, 0.05 inches. Temperature was highest (55°) on Saturday (13th inst.); lowest (32°) on Tuesday (16th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.48 inches. Greatest amount on any day, 0.18 inches, on Sunday (14th inst.).

**SUNDRIES.**—The eighty-sixth annual edition of the "Post Office London Directory" (Kelly and Co.) is just out, containing corrections made within a fortnight of publication. This indispensable work needs no praise.—"Sir Bernard Burke's Peerage and Baronetage" (Harrison and Sons), an almost equally indispensable, though less universally consulted manual, has also appeared for the forty-sixth time. It, too, embodies the latest changes.—Yet another photographic album! Messrs. T. J. Smith and Co., of Queen Street, Cheapside, have just published (under the superintendence of Mr. Downes), the Breanski Album, containing twelve pages of facsimile water-colour drawings from sketches by Mr. Alfred De Breanski. The spaces intended for the photographs are bordered with floral designs. In general "get-up" this is a very tasteful album.—"St. Stephen's Saturnalia" (the Christmas number of *St. Stephen's Review*), has just come to hand. It contains any quantity of political skits in pantomimic and operatic guise, a Parliamentary Mirror, by Lord Carnarvon, and a coloured engraving of "The Stores," with a despairing retail tradesman in the foreground.—The Christmas number of the *Kennel Review* contains some well-executed lithographs of dogs and other kindred sporting subjects.



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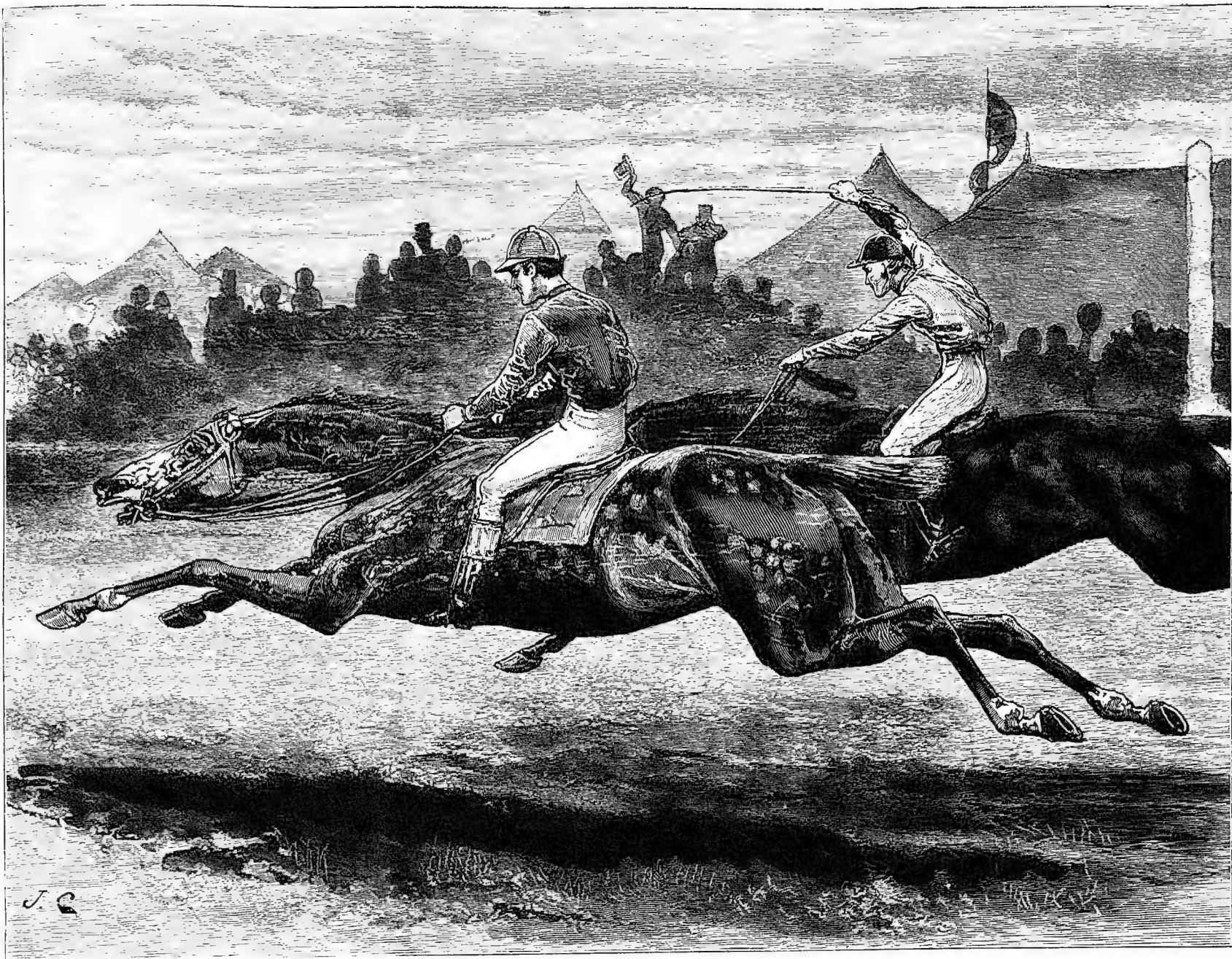
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### CHAPTER XLV.

#### GETTING AT THE FAVOURITE

DOLLIE hurried away from the Rutland with Cuthbert Elliston's words ringing in her ears, "I'll take care the Dancing Master doesn't start," and she felt certain that he would, if possible, make good his word. She had caught but a fragment of their conversation, but it was quite enough to make her thoroughly understand the situation. It was evident from Pearson's speech that the two men hoped to win a very large stake over Caterham, and equally clear that they were afraid of the Dancing Master upsetting their plan, and were much disconcerted by his unexpected appearance at Newmarket. She knew her father was to see them that morning—indeed, had expected to find him with them. From Elliston's words she had thought it was pretty clear that he not only had seen them, but had refused to strike the Dancing Master out of the Cambridgeshire. "If Greyson won't take orders he must take the consequences," she surely could only mean that her father had declined to obey his patrons on this point, and Dollie was much too conversant with turf history not to know that when Elliston said he would take care the horse should not start foul play of some kind was contemplated.

Were all Gerald's hopes to be frustrated in this wise? No! Something must be done to prevent it! What villainy was meditated? She must see Gerald at once. He would know what was best to be done. It was clear there was no time to be lost; but where was she to find him? She did not know where he lodged, and it was getting time for the day's racing to commence. Once on the Heath, he might be so engaged as to leave no opportunity for speaking with him the whole afternoon. And yet she felt sure that her news would brook no delay in the telling. At last she bethought herself of the stables where her father's charges were standing, and made her way thither.

The first person she encountered in the yard was Joe Butters, who, seated on an upturned stable bucket, was solacing himself with a tankard of mild ale and a little tobacco, previous to commencing his duties on the course.

"Where is Mr. Rockingham?" inquired Dollie. "I must speak with him at once, Joe! Do you think you could find him?"

"Well, miss, replied Butters, as he leisurely rose from his seat, "Mr. Rockingham cantered up to the Heath about ten

minutes ago. He said he had to see Lord Whitby before the racing began."

"But you are going up with the horses, Joe?"

"Yes, miss, in about half an hour. We've nothing in the first two races."

"Well, of course you'll see Mr. Rockingham."

"Not, maybe, to speak to. You see, Jim—I mean Mr. Rockingham—don't ride for us as a rule, though I do hear he's to ride the Dancer to-morrow. My word, Miss Dollie, but we ought to set the bells ringing at Riddleton this time. Why, if the Dancer only tries, our pair ought to finish first and second for the Cambridgeshire."

"And which do you like the best, Joe?" inquired the girl, eagerly.

"Well, I've got my pound on Caterham. You see he is a horse you can depend upon. If you was only going to ride the Dancer yourself, Miss Dollie, I fancy he would win far enough."

"Never mind that. You shall have a pound on the Dancer with me. He ran straight enough with Mr. Rockingham before, Joe; and mind, he will again to-morrow. Now listen to what I've got to say to you. If you cannot see Mr. Rockingham yourself, you must manage to get this message sent to him: say that I wish to see him on a matter of the greatest importance as soon as possible."

"All right, miss; I'll manage it somehow. Mr. Rockingham will know where you are, I suppose?"

"Yes; he has only to ask father. Don't forget, of the greatest importance, remember." And, with an emphatic little nod, Dollie walked quickly away to prepare for the Heath.

Mr. Greyson had chartered one of those mysterious ramshackle vehicles to convey Mrs. Greyson and Dollie to the Heath which seem almost peculiar to Newmarket; though the racecourse fly has a family resemblance all over the country. One peculiarity about them is that they occasionally have an equine celebrity, grievously fallen from his high estate, between the shafts. I remember seeing in a Stockbridge trap of this description a horse whose parents had both taken classic honours at Epsom: his sire had won the Derby, his mother the Oaks; and similar glories had been expected from him in his youth. And this, after all, was the termination of his career!

The racing proved, as is often the case at Newmarket on an off-

day, of a very tame description; and Dollie awaited the advent of her lover with scarce-controlled impatience. The one feature of the afternoon's sport was when, in intervals between the races, the Cambridgeshire was introduced, a growing desire to back the Dancing Master was evident; and it was whispered about that a strong commission was in the market, although not apparently emanating from the stable. Elliston and his partner were more puzzled than ever at the aspect of affairs.

At length Gerald cantered up on his hack, and raised his hat amidst the admiring stare of the surrounding crowd; for the "gentleman jockey" was by this time not only well known but immensely popular. Quickly it was buzzed about that the ladies "Jim Forrest was a-talking to" were the wife and daughter of Bill Greyson, who owned the now first favourite for the Cambridgeshire; for Lord Whitby's heavy commission, on the top of the big investments of Sir Marmaduke and his friends, had at length placed the Dancing Master at the head of the poll; and it was by this time no secret that "the gentleman jockey," as his admirers delighted to call him, would ride that erratic animal.

"Ten thousand pardons, Dollie dearest; but I only got your message an hour or so ago, and am so busy I couldn't get here before. As it is I have had to bucket my hack unmercifully. Good-day, Mrs. Greyson: the sport is not of much account this afternoon; but if we get the black and crimson home first to-morrow, it won't be a dull week, you know, altogether."

"And you will, won't you, Mr. Rockingham?"

"I hope so," he replied laughing. "And now, Dollie," he continued, lowering his voice, "what is it? I've no time to lose, as I must get back to ride Grand Turk in the next race."

"There's something wrong about the Dancing Master, Gerald. I overheard Cuthbert Elliston say that he would take care he didn't start."

"Ha!—who to?" inquired Rockingham eagerly.

"To Mr. Pearson."

"And there was no one else present; and they don't know you overheard them?"

"There were only those two in the room; and I feel sure they don't know I was within earshot."

"This must be seen to as soon as possible. Both Elliston and Pearson are on the course, I have seen them. Meet me at the



stables as soon as you can. I shall ride straight back after the next race, as I have no mount in the concluding one. I have proved a little too much for Cuthbert once or twice already, and I shouldn't wonder if I do again. Good-bye, Dollie, for the present.—On you go, Captain Barclay," and Gerald just pressed his back with his knees, and the docile brute swung into a hand canter at once, and in obedience to his master's hand made his way to the starting-post for the Bretby Stakes Course.

Gerald called his hack after the famous pedestrian, saying he was always doing his 1,000 miles over the Heath after the manner of his godfather.

Dollie found little difficulty in persuading her mother to leave the course before the last race. It was the good lady's first visit to Newmarket, and to tell the truth she was not very favourably impressed with it. She found it dull. At York she had lots of friends and acquaintances to chat with, which to her was half the fun of a race-meeting. Then the perpetual change of course bothered her, and she came to the conclusion that they managed these things infinitely better in the North, so that she was quite willing to drive home to tea as soon as her daughter suggested it.

Her mother once comfortably deposited in their lodgings, Dollie immediately slipped down to the stables, where she found Gerald awaiting her, and at once told him her story.

Gerald listened very attentively, and when she had finished, said: "There can be no doubt about it. They have, I know, backed Caterham to win them a very large stake, and the appearance of the Dancer on the scene has frightened them. Your father has most likely told them, if he chooses to run kind, the grey will beat them, and also declined to scratch the horse. Elliston undoubtedly means foul play of some sort. I shall sleep in the stable, and watch the Dancer's box myself to-night, and take care that either Butters or myself are with him till the Cambridgeshire's over. Now run home, and say nothing to any one of what you have overheard. Good-bye, dearest: I should have come up to spend the evening, but don't expect to see anything of me now till after the race."

No sooner had Dollie disappeared than Gerald went in search of Butters. That worthy was speedily found in the immediate vicinity discussing the race with some of his own class, and giving it as his opinion that one of the Riddleton pair would win. Further pressed upon the subject, he informed his hearers that he preferred Caterham himself, but that Mr. Forrest was the greatest horseman of the day, and, with the Dancing Master in his hands, there was no knowing what might happen.

Just as he delivered himself of this oracular opinion, the gentleman jockey himself appeared, and was immediately an object of great attraction to the little knot of stablemen to whom Mr. Butters had been holding forth.

"Here, Joe, I want you," exclaimed Gerald.

"All right, Mr. Rockingham. What is it?" replied Butters, not a little gratified to show the intimate terms he was on with the great man to the little circle he was leaving. A bit of snobism common to people of infinitely higher station than Joe Butters.

"I want to see the horses at once, Joe. Have you got the key of the stable?"

"I've one, and Mr. Greyson another," replied Butters, as he led the way thither without further comment.

They entered the stable, which consisted of four loose boxes and a couple of roomy stalls. One of these latter contained a considerable amount of clean straw. The other was empty save for a large corn-bin which stood in its entrance. The boxes were all tenanted by Greyson's charges.

"This is the Dancer's box, isn't it?" said Gerald, as he walked towards the one at the far end from the door.

"Yes; and Caterham's next him."

Gerald opened the box and went in. The horse looked round, and gave a low whinny of recognition. He was evidently in the very bloom of condition—his coat shone like satin, and his eye, clear and bright, denoted that the animal was in perfect health. Gerald cast a keen glance at the horse's legs, and saw they were clean and flat, such as gladden the heart of a trainer. He walked up to the Dancer and examined him closely. He was apparently satisfied with the result of his examination, for as he closed the box door behind him he muttered, "All's safe so far."

"Now, Joe," he continued aloud, "what you and I have got to do is this—One or other of us must never leave the horse till after to-morrow's race. I've just heard, on good authority, that they are determined to get at him."

"What! Do you mean to say," said Butters, "that any one intends to nobble the Dancer?"

"So I hear, Joe; but not if we know it."

"Why, who's going to do it?"

"Never mind that," replied Gerald. "The horse is all right. Now, you and I will keep watch here to-night, and take very good care they don't. If my information is correct we shall see who they are. It is gratifying in one way, at all events. It shows they think as highly of his chance as I do. Now be off and get something to eat as quick as you can, and then come back to me."

On Butters relieving guard Gerald slipped out on a similar errand, and on his return said, "Now, Joe, we shall have to pass the night here. You can lie down amongst the straw and go to sleep. I can trust you to stick to me in a row, but you know, Joe, I can't trust you to keep awake."

"Well, Mr. Rockingham, I've a way of dropping off, and the worst of it is I sleep that heavy that I take a good deal of waking."

"All right; you go and lie down. Very little sleep does for me, and I'll get that towards morning. In the mean while, I'll keep watch."

That the spirit may be willing but the flesh weak is a very world-worn axiom, and to no one did it apply more forcibly than to Mr. Butters. He would spare himself in no wise to secure success and glory to Riddleton, but in the matter of watchfulness and abstinence he was frail. He could not keep awake by night nor abstain from the flesh-pots by day. He sighed over his somnolency and cravings for pastry, and shuddered at the sight of a weighing-machine, but he knew his failings, and that to wrestle with them was beyond him. It was with a sigh of relief he heard the *role* assigned to him, and received his orders.

"You can depend upon me, Mr. Rockingham," said Joe, as he nestled down amongst the straw. "I ain't good, perhaps, at keeping my eyes open, but I am all there when I am wanted. You can depend upon me, Mr. Rockingham. I'm all there, all, all," and here a low snore terminated Mr. Butters' protestations of fealty.

Gerald seated himself on the corn-bin, and commenced his vigil. With the big stake he had on the morrow, and accustomed to do with but little sleep, he felt no inclination to close his eyes. Could his cousin be such a scoundrel as actually to meditate laming or poisoning the Dancing Master, or had he such confidence in his old influence over Greyson as to feel sure that he could persuade him to scratch the horse? No, his first impression was right. Greyson had doubtless declined to do that, and Elliston had resolved to disable the horse before the race. Would he attempt this himself? Hardly. He doubtless could lay his hand upon plenty of instruments to do his bidding if they were only well paid for it. Then his thoughts reverted upon the race to-morrow, and how he should ride it. "Yes," he muttered, "he's a free horse, and runs best in front. He's thrown in as far as the weight goes, and if he does his best I'm afraid of nothing. I'll come right through and strangle

the lot." Suddenly there was a slight glimmer of light beneath the bottom of the door, and a low grating sound, as of some one softly trying the lock.

"A skeleton key," said Gerald to himself, as he slipped quietly off the corn-bin, and crouched down behind it.

The door opened, and two men entered; the first carried a dark lantern, the slide of which he drew cautiously back: the second, a short, puffy man, had a twitch in one hand, and a short stick, marvellously like a heavy office ruler, in the other.

"Hold the lantern," said Elliston in a low whisper. "If I get the twitch on, I'll make him shin-sore artistically; if not, I must lame him clumsily with one blow. Come on, it's the far box."

The two stole along towards the Dancing Master's box, and, as they did so, Gerald rose from behind the corn-bin and crept stealthily after them. Absorbed in their own villainy they failed to hear his cautious footsteps. Elliston's hand was on the latch of the box, Pearson just raising the lantern to assist his partner, when Gerald exclaimed quietly, "Drop that, Mr. Elliston."

For a second or two the confederates were so disconcerted by discovery that they stood paralysed and speechless; then, with a savage execration, Elliston rushed upon his cousin, and, before Gerald had time to jump back, struck him across the face with the twitch.

"Here, Joe—Joe—help!" shouted young Rockingham, as he grappled fiercely with his assailant.

But the attorney was now quite alive to the exigencies of the situation, quite clear to him that to disable Gerald and escape as speedily as might be was now the only chance of averting most unpleasant consequences. He dodged for a second or two round the two struggling men, and was about to aim a heavy blow at Gerald, when Butters, plunging into the fray, caused him to look to himself, and the short heavy stick descended sharply upon Joe's cranium, instead of young Rockingham's, stretching the former senseless on the ground. At this juncture Gerald wrenched himself clear of his antagonist, and immediately took advantage of his position to commence out-fighting, and administer a sharp left-hander between the eyes that sent Elliston reeling against the sides of Caterham's box. Taking in the state of things at once, Gerald sprang upon the attorney, and, before Pearson was quite aware of the attack, had snatched the stick from his hand. There was no time to be lost; Pearson threw down the lantern and made for the door, which his confederate had already gained. The diversion was successful; in his anxiety to possess himself of the lantern before harm should come from it, for Pearson had cast it perilously near the straw, Gerald neglected pursuit; and when that necessary act was accomplished, came to the hasty conclusion that it was better to succour Butters and soothe the horses, already disturbed and uneasy at the unusual noise, than follow the fugitives, both of whom he had recognised.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

THERE was great excitement at Newmarket in the course of the next morning, for, despite the precautions of Gerald, it had oozed out that there had been a daring attempt to get at the favourite during the night. Except to Greyson Gerald had breathed no word of his nocturnal adventure, and he had cautioned Butters to be equally reticent. Joe had held his tongue pretty fairly, still he but lamely explained his cut head, and had not the *sang froid* to emulate his companion's coolness who, if questioned about how he came by the mark on his cheek, replied curtly, "No matter." In the betting world, both in London and at Newmarket, the rush to get on the Dancing Master was tremendous, and even staggered the Ring, cool as that philosophical body ordinarily is. The outlays of Sir Marmaduke and his followers, coupled with that of Lord Whitby, completely ran away with the public's own judgment. Notwithstanding the many disappointments the horse had occasioned them, they argued that the astute Baronet would never have trusted him once more unless upon unexceptional grounds. It was rumoured that, although running in Greyson's name, he was still Sir Marmaduke's property, that he had won a tremendous trial, and was 7 lb. in front of Caterham. Then this was Lord Whitby's year; everything he touched came off, and decades of bad luck were being rapidly avenged. Backers are notoriously superstitious, and many of them much given to following a lucky jockey, a lucky horse, a lucky stable, or even coincidences. In 1869, when the followers of the cherry and black remembered that Sir Joseph Hawley had won the Derby in the years 1858 and 1859, and that he had won it again in 1868, what wonder they hardened their hearts and looked upon it that he was bound to win it twice running in each decade, and dashed down their money on unlucky Pero in consequence. Old horses allotted light weights have many times shown a marvellous recovery of their juvenile form in the Cambridgeshire, and for all these reasons combined the public went wild about the Dancing Master, and the fielders shortened their price hourly.

There were many old hands who had entrusted their money to Caterham, and many others whose eggs were in other baskets, men who could not get over the horse's uncertain temper, and were themselves no believers in his ultimate victory, yet they all agreed such a red-hot favourite they never remembered in all their experience, and though no doubt there were exceptions they could all point to, yet these red-hot favourites generally won, or, at the worst, made their opponents tremble in their shoes. So that even those cool, unprejudiced race-goers who were ranged against the self-willed grey had conceived a great respect for his chance. Then there was that now-announced fact that he was to be the gentleman jockey's mount; and that at once ranged all the women on his side, and if in our gradually advancing civilisation there are people so innocent as to believe that ladies of the present day, or, for the matter of that, of many days past, do not bet, the writer respects their simplicity, and would not willingly disturb such credulity.

"I don't know quite what to think of it all, Mr. Rockingham," said the trainer, as Gerald looked in at the stables previous to cantering up to the course. "The Dancer's a little fretful, and snatched at his corn this morning in a fidgety, impatient manner that looks bad for his behaviour on the Heath to-day. He's an excitable horse, and last night's row in his stable there's no doubt upset him a bit. As for Caterham, he's as cool as possible; he's one of the level-tempered sort that a salvo of artillery wouldn't disturb except for the moment. Then how are you yourself, sir? No sleep and a rough-and-tumble fight ain't a good preparation for a big race."

"I'm all right, Greyson, never fear. I'll ride as good a race to day as ever I did. Mind, put that heavy double-reined snaffle on him as we settled; pet, coax, and keep him as quiet as you can. Don't saddle among the others, so as not to excite him, and I shall do as I told you—come right through with him; so if you don't see me playing follow-my-leader before we've gone a quarter of a-mile you will understand the Dancer's got his own opinion and I've had to give in to it."

"Yes, Mr. Rockingham, you're right after all. Though you're to ride your own way to-day, it's coming back to pretty much the orders I gave you more than two years ago."

"I shall ride identically the same way, except that I understand the brute's mouth better, thanks to Dollie. Now I'm off."

"And I trust to Heaven, Mr. Rockingham, you'll win. I've borne the tyranny of these men for years, and done more dirty work for them than I care to think about. Pearson has had me in his debt so deep that I dare not disobey him; but it was Mr.

Elliston who gave the orders always. I've broken with them now, and must stand the consequences; but, after last night's business, I should fancy they'll be rather shy of law courts, or ought else."

"You're not likely to see them to-day; and, win or lose, depend upon it they'll never set foot on an English racecourse again. When Lord Whitby and Sir Marmaduke hear the story, Messrs. Elliston and Pearson will get warning with regard to Newmarket, depend upon it. As for the rest, Greyson; if we're beaten, you'll worry through, never fear."

The trainer sat musing on the now, so to say, historic corn-bin, behind which Gerald had crouched the preceding night. "To think," he muttered, "that my daughter should be going to marry a real swell; and not only that, but the best horseman in England, and one of the finest, pluckiest young ones ever I ran across, such or low. Dammie, if ever they persuade me into doing another 'shunt.' Well," he continued, rising, "it's getting about time we were off. Joe, you may get 'em out and walk 'em up to the Heath. If anybody's got two for the big race which look better than mine, I should just like to see 'em, that's all. I'm just going to the yard to get my hack, I shan't be five minutes; but mind, let the Cambridgeshire horses you're never to leave till their jockeys are in the saddle."

Another quarter of an hour, and Greyson and his horses were leisurely wending their way to the Heath. There, of course, to wild *canards* about the attempt "to get at the favourite" were a riot. The people just down from London were agog to hear all about it, the report had been wired to town; but though there were many of the sojourners at Newmarket only too delighted to receive a version of the affair, yet, as we know, the actual particulars were known only to three people besides the delinquents, namely, Gerald, Butters, and Greyson. But if the peril the favourite had been in was involved in mystery, there was no doubt in the public mind that it had been successfully surmounted, and their anxiety to be on what one of the boldest of the sporting prophecies had pronounced "the best thing of the year" waxed stronger every hour. For the backers had fairly tired out the fielders, and the leading members of the Ring, when asked, "What about the Dancing Master?" replied, "they'd no more money to lay." Still it had been a good betting race from the first; and though there was no doubt the success of the Dancing Master would take an immense sum out of the Ring, there were a wonderful lot of windome favourites that had never even seen Newmarket, to assist them on settling day, to say nothing of various other public fancies that money would have to be paid over largely, should they go down before the favourite.

That the story of the attempt to get at the favourite should reach the ears of such strong supporters of his chance as Sir Marmaduke and Captain Farrington was only natural, and the Baronet, upon arriving on the Heath, at once sought Gerald, with a view to hearing the true version of the affair, and also to learn from the best authority that the horse had really suffered no injury. Sir Marmaduke had backed the Dancing Master heavily, and it had been in consequence of what Gerald had told him. The Baronet, with his great chum, Captain Farrington, had no sooner arrived at Newmarket than he was told "Jim Forrest" wished to see him, and Gerald then advised them both to try and get back their Hunt Cup losses over the Cambridgeshire. Sir Marmaduke at first demurred, and vowed he would never risk another shilling on that evil-tempered grey. But Gerald implored them both to have at all events a little on the Dancing Master this time.

"It's absurd, Sir Marmaduke, to say I lost you the Leger a year ago, but I have always bitterly regretted that I let my worst false pride stand in the way, and begged off riding for you at Doncaster. Blackton is quite as good a man as I, and I've no doubt did the horse every justice, but, you see, he's just one of those queer brutes that might try for some one he knew, and refuse to do so otherwise. I've reason to think he'll run kind with me. I know he's very well, and I'll guarantee he's meant."

"All right, Rockingham, I'll have a quiet hundred on, and you'd better trust him once more, Marm, to that extent," said Farrington.

And so at last it was settled that the Dancing Master was to be once more entrusted with what Farrington described as a "mild century apiece." But it was little likely that two such daring plungers would restrict their investments to that amount, and as we know, Sir Marmaduke's operations at "the Rooms" had been conducted on his wonted scale. Lord Whitby also had derived his inspiration from the same source, so that "the Dancer" numbered amongst his supporters some of the very heaviest bettors on the turf.

But Gerald was by no means easy to come by, and Sir Marmaduke cantered his hack about a good deal in the fruitless endeavour to get speech with him. He was purposely keeping out of the way as much as possible. He was anxious to avoid all questions, and at last night's work till the big race was over. He certainly would find his cousin in the hollow of his hand. Let him but disengage Cuthbert Elliston and Pearson to Sir Marmaduke and Lord Whitby, both members of the Jockey Club, and the pair were socially ruined. It would be bad enough for the attorney, but for Elliston it meant social extinction.

He had not quite made up his mind as to what he would do. To take a terrible revenge for all the woe he believed these two had wrought his father, to repay his cousin's undying enmity, all this was within his power; but, on the other hand, he was his cousin, and the disgrace of one member of a family was a thing never to be desired by the rest, however they may dislike or her.

Pearson also would make very easy terms with Greyson if he could once let that silence about last night's business was confined to himself. Gerald had so far seen neither of the confederates on the Heath, still that might be because he was keeping aloof from the crowd as far as business permitted.

But though Sir Marmaduke failed to find Gerald, he discovered Greyson with his charges, walking quietly round the round, at the back of the Ditch.

"Good morning, Greyson," said the Baronet. "What is all this I hear about an attempt to get at your horse last night?"

"Well, Sir Marmaduke, it didn't succeed, and we don't want to talk about it. I'm told you've backed my horse for a good light, I can only say he never was better, and if he don't win to-day, it's my fault of mine. He can't be fitter, but he's a bit of a rogue, as you know, and though Mr. Rockingham thinks he'll run honest with him, I don't know what to think about it."

"He looks well, and so for the matter of that does Caterham. Then, Mr. Elliston fancies his chance very much, and to tell you the truth so do I, although I let Rockingham persuade me into backing the other."

"The two horses will run on their merits, Sir Marmaduke, and I've no doubt whatever that the grey *can* beat Caterham. Whether it will depends on himself."

By this time Butters and his assistants had whipped the rugs off, and were carefully preparing Caterham and the Dancer for the coming struggle, when Gerald cantered up on his hack.

"Weighed in?" said the trainer interrogatively.

"Yes," replied Gerald, "7.12; all right. Robinson and I stand a cross fifty on our mounts. Look sharp, Joe, and slip my saddle on to the back of the Dancer."

"Ah, he rides Caterham, and backs yours against his own as a hedge," replied the trainer. "Where is he?"



"Here he comes," replied Gerald, pointing to a horseman who was nearing them as fast as his steed could carry him.

"Good morning, Rockingham," said Sir Marmaduke. "I came down here to look for you, as I'm told you had a bit of trouble at the stables last night, but Greyson tells me you prefer to hold your tongue about it. I can only say that such a thing could be possible is a slur upon Newmarket, and if you like to bring it forward I'm quite prepared to take it up."

"Thank you, Sir Marmaduke, but neither I nor the horse am any the worse, and we'll leave it alone for the present, at all events. I'm off now, but remember," he continued, dropping his voice, "if you see me in front at the turn of the lands I shall take a deal of catching. Now, Joe, give me a leg up. I want to have the Dancer to myself for a few minutes before we go down to the post. What's the latest news up there, Robinson?" and Gerald jerked his finger in the direction of the betting ring.

"Your's as strong as brandy in the market, mine very steady; but that Fedora that won the Leger last year has come with a rattle, and there's apparently plenty of people who think she can give us 7 lb. and lose us. They'll change their note before the day is over, eh Jim?"

"You're safe to finish in front of her, Tom, and I shall beat you 1 lb. or not be in it at all. Now I'm off to give my mount a center," and as he spoke Gerald, who was by this time in the saddle, set his horse quietly going in the direction of the Cambridgeshire post.

"Well, I shall go back to the stand to see the race," said the Baronet. "Wish you success, Greyson," and sticking spurs to his back Sir Marmaduke made the best of his way back to the desired edge of vantage.

"What orders, Mr. Greyson?" inquired Tom Robinson, when he found himself duly installed on Caterham's back.

"Mr. Elliston always gives his own orders," rejoined the trainer sharply. "If he hasn't seen you yet no doubt he will at the starting post."

"Supposing he don't?" inquired Robinson curtly.

"Then ride him as you like. The horse can both race and stay, and is thoroughly wound up. I can tell you no more, and decline to give any orders under the circumstances."

"It ain't like Mr. Elliston," replied the jockey, as he cantered off to the post. "No," he muttered, "one's usually rather hampered with orders when one rides for him."

"Where are you going to see the race from, Marm?" inquired Captain Farrington, as the Baronet cantered up to the betting ring. "It's been pretty lively work in here for the last half hour. The Dancing Master's nominally first favourite, but there's nobody has any money left to lay. Caterham's firm, and Fedora's come with a rattle, while half-a-dozen more are backed a bit."

"I'm going on to the stand, as I want to see how our horse gets off, and how he is when he passes it. I have just seen Rockingham. He means coming right through if he can, which will suit the Dancing Master's temper, and make the most of his light weight."

"All right; but we shan't see what wins from there."

"No, but young Rockingham says he shall have about won at the 'turn in the lands' just beyond."

"I like his extraordinary confidence, although I don't understand it, more especially with such a disappointing horse as he is riding," replied Farrington, as they took their places and adjusted their glasses.

The roar of the Ring is hushed, for the twenty-six horses are now in the hands of the starter, and speculation has ceased. Greyson and Butters are both down at the post to see the Riddleton pair despatched on their journey. There are some few false starts, and though the Dancing Master behaves tolerably well, yet he gives more than one manifestation that the old Adam is by no manner of means dead within him. Still, when the flag does fall he gets off on very fair terms with his horses, and to Gerald's delight takes hold of his bridle as if he meant it. The first to show in front is a lightly-weighted four-year called St. Lawrence, but just before reaching the stand Gerald deprives him of the command, and at the "turn in the lands" is leading a couple of lengths.

"Looks rosy so far," said the Baronet.

"Yes; but they're a long way off yet, not half way, indeed," rejoined Farrington.

In a fly nearly opposite the winning post were Dollie and her mother, both in a state of considerable excitement, with their race glasses rivetted on the straight broad green ribbon that constitutes the Cambridgeshire course.

"The favourite leads. The favourite walks in!" shout half a score of the Dancer's enthusiastic supporters.

"Caterham's going well, and Fedora's not done with," exclaims a veteran in the next carriage to Dollie. "But by Jove young Rockingham is bringing them along a cracker. Some of them won't last much longer. Look at the falling already."

"The mare's done with. Fedora's beat!" roar a hundred throats as the Leger victress succumbs to the severity of the pace.

"Robinson's riding Caterham!" yell the crowd again, as a couple of hundred yards from home that jockey is compelled to call upon his horse to keep his place.

"The favourite wins in a canter!" cry a score of voices. Ah, what's this in orange that's coming like a flash almost under the judge's chair? Does Forrest see it? He does evidently, but sits still as death. It is a supreme moment with Gerald. The Dancing Master he knows is doing pretty well his best. Dare he move on his horse? If he does, that eccentric animal may shut up his girths, is now at his head. Still Gerald sits immovable, reached his girths, is now at his head. Still Gerald sits immovable. They are within two or three strides of home, and the orange horseman is doing all he knows. "The Dancer wins!" "Lisette wins!" and as the two shoot past the post, Gerald still motionless, the crowd draw a long breath, and ask each other what's won.

"Forrest threw the race away," cries one indignant backer of the favourite; "he never even called on his horse."

"I tell you he's won, and never rode a more magnificent race," rejoins another.

"Wait till the numbers are up, and you'll see," retorted the first.

Whichever way it was it was evidently a very close thing between the favourite and this almost friendless outsider, a mare who had started at the extreme price of 30 to 1, but whose six stone four had stood her in good stead, thanks to the severity of the pace.

Up go the numbers at last, and Gerald is as much relieved as any one to find that his adversary failed to quite get up, and that the verdict is in his favour by a short head.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### CONCLUSION

THE announcement of the winner on the telegraph board was greeted with ominous silence. The King as a rule takes their punishment without flinching, but men cannot be expected to wax hilarious over the losing of money. Then, again, Mr. Greyson was no popular owner of racehorses whose money the King had often had, but a chary backer, manager of a crafty, unscrupulous stable that had set the fielders many a hard problem to solve, and bled them wickedly many a time. Even the public, who at the eleventh hour had rushed wildly on the Dancing Master, were dissatisfied. They had had to accept a very short price, and they had lost many and many a pound over the capricious

winner when he had declined resolutely to gallop a yard for their investments. It was no doubt a wonderfully fine point between the leading pair, and Gerald frankly admitted he did not know whether he had just won or just lost till the numbers were up; but the decision of the judge on any leading English racecourse is no more disputed than the summing-up of a judge in any one of our law courts. That there have been cases in which the turf verdict has been deemed a mistake, similarly as the summing-up at Westminster has been held erroneous, there is no doubt; but in neither case is it ever regarded as other than final.

"You were about right, Marm," said Farrington, when the result of the race reached them, "and so was Rockingham. At the turn of the lands' things looked very comfortable. It was the place for the Dancing Master's backers with the straight tip to see it from, but it must have been a wonderful squeak at the finish from all accounts."

"Yes; all our own fault," replied the Baronet, sententiously. "We were dolts to forget that mare's form of last year. It's all right, but she was every bit as much turned loose as the Dancer."

"Oh, Gerald, my darling, I thought you had lost," exclaimed Dollie as, the "weighing-in" satisfactorily concluded, Rockingham cantered up to his betrothed's carriage to receive her congratulations.

"I was much afraid so myself, and I fancy it was about as short a head as ever was given, but I was afraid to move on the Dancer. Good horse as he is, he was about all out, and I thought at any attempt to call upon him he would perhaps turn it up."

"I don't think so myself," rejoined Dollie, "but that is mere matter of opinion. He ran better in the snaffle, didn't he?"

"Yes; and for all I know might have won much more decidedly if I had dared take any liberties with him. As it was I never interfered further than taking him to the front. I followed your father's original orders afterwards, and left it to himself."

"And the old horse was just equal to the occasion, eh, Gerald?"

"Yes; it was a shave, and I never rode so trying a race, and never shall by any possibility again. To have a wife and a home depending, so to speak, on the result, and nothing for it but to sit and suffer, is to test one's nerve and patience with a vengeance, and whether young Craddock had caught me or not I didn't know till I saw the numbers."

"Congratulations, Mr. Rockingham," said a deep voice behind them. "I have been indebted to your horsemanship a good many times this year, but anything finer than your masterly inactivity just now I never witnessed."

"Ah, Lord Whitby, it is a comfort to know you understood it. Half the people here think I all but lost the race from carelessness."

"Half the people here are chattering idiots," rejoined the irascible peer. "On a horse like that you were afraid, of course, to move."

"Let me introduce you to my wife that is to be," interposed Gerald, abruptly. He was in good humour with the world, and in no mood for any causeless explosion on the part of his irritable patron.

"Then I must still further congratulate you," rejoined Lord Whitby, as he raised his hat to Dollie, "and I trust your bride will accept a trifling memento of the Cambridgeshire from an old friend of your father's. Your intended excelled himself to-day. It was the most perfect exhibition of nerve and patience his winning the Cambridgeshire I have witnessed in five-and-thirty years' racing. May you both be sincerely happy," and once more raising his hat his lordship rode off.

It was a grim settling next Monday at Tattersall's. The Ring paid, as that often-abused body as a rule always does, but there was a heavy account due from the owner of Caterham, for the meeting of which apparently no provision whatever had been made. Mr. Elliston, it was rumoured, had gone abroad, nor could any one remember to have seen him since the day previous to the Cambridgeshire. Although Sam Pearson was not present, such bets as stood in his own name were all met, but the bookmakers felt pretty certain that he was actually responsible for a considerable portion of those made by his colleague, although his commissioner disclaimed any such liability on his part.

"Rather warm for the fraternity," remarked Farrington to Broughton, as he swept another little sheaf of banknotes into his hat.

"Yes, Captain, it's a scorcher, that's what it is, and Mr. Elliston not 'weighing-in' with the Caterham money of course makes it rather worse for us. Still none of us grudge Lord Whitby, yourself, or Sir Marmaduke your winnings. We've hit you all hard enough in your time, and we don't generally whimper when we find 'you've got us on toasts.'"

The bookmaker's language was perhaps enigmatical, but Farrington was thoroughly versed in the shibboleth of the Betting Ring, and manifested no surprise.

"Mr. Elliston's account not being to the fore is, of course, a little hard upon you, but I've no doubt it's only a question of time."

"Yes, I suppose so, Mr. Elliston's an old customer, if not a very liberal one, and I daresay he'll settle after a while."

But it was a long day before Cuthbert Elliston ventured to return to England, nor was his face ever seen again on an English racecourse. A hurried consultation took place between him and Pearson when they found themselves beyond the reach of pursuit, and they came to the conclusion that it behoved them to get away from Newmarket as speedily as possible, and they accordingly departed by the first train in the morning. When in the course of the afternoon the result of the race reached town, and Elliston ran over his betting-book, he found that he had stretched out his hand too far in settling his liabilities in full, and he dared not besides face the consequences of his iniquitous attempt at disabling the favourite. The evening papers all alluded briefly to the affair; one with the addition that "it understood the most thorough investigation of the rascally business would take place, and it was much to be desired in the best interests of the turf, that the promoters of the dastardly outrage should be dragged before the bar of public opinion, should evidence not be forthcoming to place them at the bar of a court of justice side by side with the miserable tools they had suborned."

Elliston crossed the Channel by that night's mail, while his partner sped northwards.

Gerald had a long talk with Greyson on the evening of the race, and finally they came to the determination to keep the affair to themselves.

"I owe my cousin no kindness, but it will not redound to the credit of the family to expose him. We have won, and can afford to be liberal, and providing the pair of them make no attempt to set foot on a racecourse in future, we'll hold our tongues. Eh, Greyson?"

"Yes; I think it will be best," replied the trainer. "You see, I've got a good bit of money together now, and if you take Pearson in hand I have no doubt I can settle with him on reasonable terms."

The attorney was only too glad to purchase silence about a transaction which would irretrievably ruin him if promulgated, and made no fuss about striking off usurious interest from the trainer's liabilities. He further covenanted for both himself and his partner that they should retire from the Turf; and the sale of Phaeton, Caterham, &c., was speedily advertised. Nobody ever penetrated the cause of the abrupt break-up of the Elliston and Pearson confederacy, of which Sir Marmaduke had a shrewd suspicion of the truth. It was usually attributed to an unsuccessful season, to which their severe losses

over the Cambridgeshire put the coping-stone. As for the attorney he thrived and prospered exceedingly in his profession, and on the whole probably benefited by his retirement from racing. With his partner it was different; he merely substituted the card-table for the racecourse, and frequented the chief play resorts of the Continent. As he encountered there many professional gamblers, with more skill, but quite as unscrupulous as himself, he continued in his usual state of irritable impecuniosity, and poor Mrs. Elliston died as hard a lot as it is possible to mete out to woman.

Shortly after Christmas two weddings were celebrated in the parish church of Cranley; for Lord Whitby had acceded to Gerald's request to be allowed to buy the old place back from him.

"Certainly, my dear Rockingham," he said; "I don't want it. Take it at what I paid for it. I bought it chiefly to prevent that d—d scoundrel Cuthbert Elliston having it."

Ellen and Mrs. Rockingham had set their hearts upon the double ceremony taking place from Cranley, so the Greysons became Mrs. Rockingham's guests at the Chase for that week; and in the little village church, where they had knelt together as children, the brother and sister, one bright February morning, embarked upon the unknown waters of married life.

"Ah!" laughed Ellen to her sister-in-law, as the pair stood surveying their wedding presents, "how you and Gerald do beat us in this respect! It is better to marry a crack jockey than a poor parson, when it comes to such jewels as these;" and Miss Rockingham lifted admiringly a handsome set of pearls and turquoise, the bridal gift of Lord Whitby.

There is no more to be told. All comedies finish with a marriage; and it is to be hoped that the old tag may apply: "That they lived happy ever afterwards." Gerald not only continued to follow his profession; but commenced the formation of a stud-farm at the Chase, and at the end of a few years the Cranley yearlings had earned for themselves a high reputation in the Doncaster sale-ring. He further usually had some few horses in training at Kiddleton, with which he was more or less lucky.

In the hall of the Chase hangs a large picture of an almost snow-white steed, who has for years been lord of the Cranley stud, and to whom Gerald always points as the horse who won back for him the lost home of his ancestors.

THE END.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS VIII.

"THE ART JOURNAL" (London: J. S. Virtue and Co.). The yearly volume of this popular magazine is a particularly good one. There is a much greater variety than usual in the methods of illustration employed. Of these, the etchings bear away the palm, the fac-similes coming next, then the line engravings, and last of all, the wood-cuts, which are by far the weakest portion of the work. "Landscapes in London" is an interesting series of sketching grounds within the cab radius, but the rendering of the sketches is thin and poor, and gives them an antiquated rather than a modern appearance.

Encouraged by the striking success of "The Voyage of the *Sunbeam*," Lady Brassey has once again adventured upon a book of travel. Under the fanciful title "In the Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties" (London: Longman), we have an account of the *Sunbeam's* trip from England to Trinidad and the Bahama Islands and back, *via* Bermuda and the Azores. The narrative is, as might be expected from Lady Brassey, bright and sparkling, full of petty incidents charmingly described. The whole work is profusely illustrated by Mr. K. T. Pritchett in sketches as artistic as they are clever and effective.

"Nature's Serial Story," by E. P. Roe (London: Sampson Low and Co.), is a reprint from *Harper* of a serial which has been one of the most attractive features in that magazine during the last twelve months. Mr. Roe's text is a combination of Mr. R. Jefferies' word painting of Nature-scenes with no inconsiderable power of piquant love-making, which is Mr. Roe's own peculiar faculty. The volume is sumptuously printed on rolled paper, which does full justice to the charming designs of Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson and Mr. F. Dielman.

"Illustrated Poems and Songs for Young People," edited by Mrs. Sale Barker (London: Routledge), makes a capital table-book which will be conned over again and again with ever-increasing pleasure by people both young and old. The engravings, by Sir John Gilbert, Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, Robert Barnes, Zwecker, J. D. Watson, and others, although they have done duty before, are none the less interesting and attractive.

Messrs. Routledge and Son send us a quartet of gift-books, all handsomely produced, and likely to become great favourites. Mrs. Inchbald's "A Simple Story" is adorned by a very clever series of character drawings by Miriam Kerns—"Our Hero," by Mrs. O'Reilly, is a good book for girls, tolerably illustrated by C. T. Garland—"More Old Wives' Fables," by Edouard Laboulaye, is a delightful collection of fairy tales, with seventy-five illustrations by French artists—"The Woman with Two Words," by Sarah Tytler, is an historical tale, founded upon the legend connected with the mother of Thomas à Becket. The illustrations, by Miriam Kerns, are very well drawn.

M. Jules Verne, under the title of "Kérabau, the Inflexible" (London: Low and Co.), gives us another of those delightfully improbable stories which we are accustomed to look for from this author's facile pen. It is hardly, however, up to his usual mark. The illustrations are both numerous and striking.

"The Silver Cañon," by G. Manville Fenn (same publishers), is a tale of the Western Plains, and is a rattling good boy's story. The illustrations, by Riou, are more dramatic than artistic.

"Charmouth Grange," by J. Percy Groves (same publishers). This tale of the seventeenth century is a well-written story, full of the doings of Roundheads and Cavaliers, in which the Cavaliers get very much the best of it.

"The Strength of Her Youth," by Sarah Doudney, and "A Band of Three," by L. T. Meade (London: Isbister, Limited). Miss Doudney's book is one which girls will like, and the reading of which will be both enjoyable and edifying. "A Band of Three" is a puzzle to the critic. The author seems to have relied mainly for the humour of the work upon the misplacement of the letter "h," and for its pathos upon unreal sentiment and improbable situations.

"Hard Realities," by M. L. Barry (London: J. and R. Maxwell), is a series of sketches of gutter life, which are by no means badly done. The pathos relied upon is, however, becoming a little too common to be effective. "Scrooge" was all very well in his day, but it is possible to have too much of him.

Messrs. W. Blackwood and Son have added to their Educational Series a very prettily printed and well illustrated edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield."—"Daily Comfort, Morning and Evening," are a series of meditations in the words of the Bible for every day in the year (published by Bryce and Son, of Glasgow).—There is a novelty about "Divine Roses: Daily Texts of Love and Charity," by "L. G. Y.," which we never remember to have met with before. The novelty is not in the roses, for they are all pink; but although we have searched with the greatest care, we have failed to discover that the little book has a publisher!

For "Herick's Content, His Grange, and His Book of Little's" (Marcus Ward and Co.) we have nothing but the most unqualified

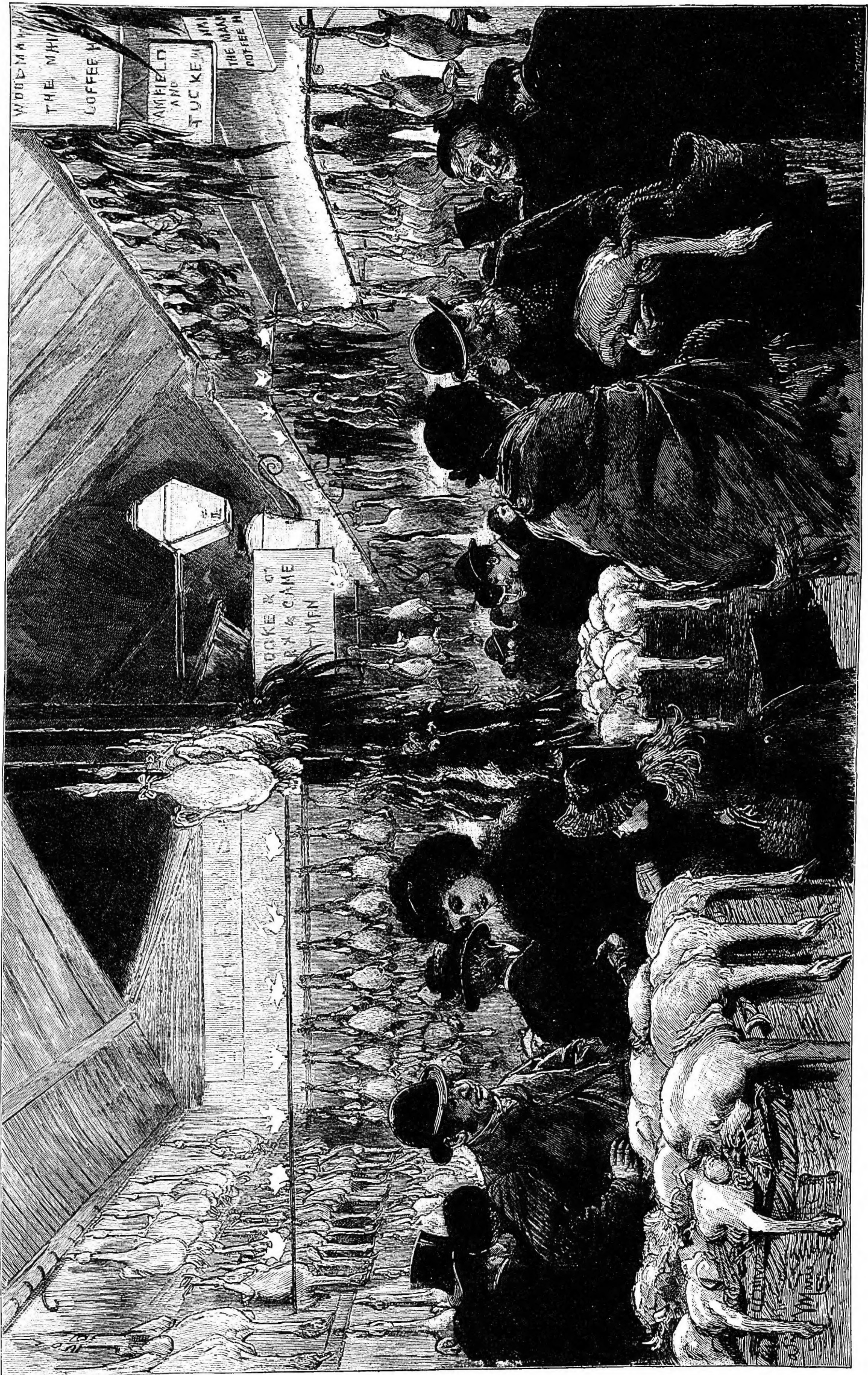




"THE COUNTRY POSTMAN"

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. L. SEYMOUR, EXHIBITED IN THE GRAPHIC GALLERY OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS





LEADENHALL MARKET AT CHRISTMAS TIME



praise. The charming simplicity and quaint ideas of the old poet are exquisitely rendered by Mr. S. Houghton's designs, which again are most artistically produced in colour.

"Our Village Life," by Lady H. Somerset (London: Low and Co.), is also a series of coloured designs somewhat unequal in force, but on the whole very much to be commended.

Messrs. Routledge and Son are always strong in picture books for the little ones, and amongst their gifts to the young folks this season we may mention "Large Pictures and Little Stories," and "The Feather-and-Fur Picture Book," two volumes of coloured plates; "The Dog and Cat and the Lion and Tiger Toy Books," in which our friends and foes are graphically depicted; "Roundabout Tales," "The Stories Maggie Told," "Tom Tit's Wedding Day," and "Bob, the Spotted Terrier," all short stories, with plenty of illustrations—the last admirably so—by Harrison Weir. "The Children of the Village," by Miss Mitford, broken up into five tempting little volumes, which contain some charming drawings by Robert Barnes, M. E. Edwards, F. Barnard, and other well-known artists.

"The Christmas Rose" (Clarke and Co.) is apparently the Christmas number of the *Rosbud*, and is full of bold pictures and stories in large type.

The postmen will have heavy bags in a few days' time, judging by the mass of Christmas cards brought out this year. Little people with little purses will appreciate the tiny flower-cards from Messrs. Marcus Ward, which are quite as pretty as the more ambitious and expensive. Some capital comic animals appear in their budget, together with picturesque children, handsome screens, and Japanese cards, and a most original series depicting colonial experiences. "Life in the Far West."—Miss Bowers' spirited pencil fills portfolios with hunting adventures, and, indeed, sportsmen are especially studied this season, for the chase is repeatedly pictured in Messrs. De la Rue's selection. Birds of every species, fairy-like, lightly-draped damsels, bonny heads on artist's palettes, and a charming trio of holly, ivy, and mistletoe sprites are amongst the prettiest from this publisher, not forgetting the artistic sepia figures and landscapes.—The hunting-field also predominates in Messrs. Harding's clever black and white studies, which, indeed, have a very remote connection with Christmas. But as Art souvenirs they are excellent, whether dealing with modern sport, drawn to the life by A. Robertson, or the imaginary chase in primaval days, treated in grotesque fashion by Ernest Griset, or, again, when satirising the learned maidens of the day in "Our Advanced Girls," by G. Lambert.—Messrs. Walker's contributions also differ from the stereotyped Christmas card by introducing mother-of-pearl crosses, Hope's anchor, and Good Luck horseshoes among the usual flowers. Their delicate paintings on ivory and satin in antique wrappings are well executed—altogether a tempting collection.—Thoroughly appropriate as well as attractive is the threefold card sent by Messrs. Schipper, "The Child Jesus," where Miss Alice Havers' designs deserve warm praise, and are carried out in refined style. Indeed there is more originality in Messrs. Schipper's packet than in most cases. Witness the figures of little Santa Claus, the girls' heads, the rustic scenes, the silver anchors, and the humorous presentments of animals, insects, and elves.—Amongst Mr. Marx's supply are more comic animals, amusing representations of the parcels' post, nursery rhyme cards, and dainty Christmas spirits, while industrious fingers can work personal messages into the perforated edges of Mr. C. Lee's cards—mainly commonplace floral groups.—Colour has been rather too liberally bestowed amongst many of Messrs. Birn's contributions, which, however, include some pleasing national designs and counterfeit Japanese cabinets; and the same objection applies occasionally to Messrs. Davidson's collection of the ordinary flowers and landscapes.—Lastly, some taking fringed and plush folding-cards from Messrs. Sockl and Nathan are well worth notice.



IN "The Love that He Passed By" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) Iza Duffus Hardy has made something of a new departure, and in all essential respects a successful one. A story of Californian life from the pen of an Englishwoman is in itself a novelty. Our views of the Far West generally are so entirely seen through the spectacles which Mr. Bret Harte invented, and his imitators are never weary of providing, that a lens of a new colour had become a necessity. Readers of fiction are to be congratulated that the task of supply has fallen into Miss Hardy's hands. She evidently has a great deal more to tell of California and the Californians than she has been able to deal with in a single novel, so that we may look forward with cordial anticipations to its successor in the same field from the same hand. No mistake could be greater than to prejudge the novel from its title. It has, no doubt, its sentimental passages, but the novel derives its tone and character from much fresher and more powerful springs. Her central heroine, Calantha, is indeed an exceptionally strong and vigorous piece of portraiture. The story is by no means elaborate, and would even be meagre if its want of fulness were not amply compensated by so much excellence in the description of nature and in the development of character. It would not have been difficult for a moderately expert novelist to construct a better plot, but, on the other hand, it would have been decidedly difficult to render a better plot equally effective. "The Love that He Passed By" is, in our opinion, the best novel that Miss Hardy has yet written. It is altogether stronger, and shows more mastery of material, if less ambition. She has also had the good fortune to light on what is evidently a thoroughly congenial field, into which all orders of readers will follow her with interest and pleasure. She still retains her taste for tragedy: but in the present case the tragedy is justified by being inevitable.

Persons who enjoy reading the Messages of American Presidents will extract congenial pleasure from the perusal of "An American Politician," by F. Marion Crawford (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall). We are far from saying that the pleasure will be confined to these, though, if the party politics were extracted, the residue of sentiment would be exceedingly small. The hero is "left speaking" in the Capitol at Washington, with his wife in the ladies' gallery, his last words comprising twenty-eight pages, or about one-fifteenth of the entire novel. His advice against excess of party spirit is so excellent that we are confident it will never be taken. The best portions of the story are those which satirise, and in a good-humoured way caricature, the social peculiarities of Boston. These at any rate are amusing—which is more than, from any ordinary point of view, can be said of Mr. Crawford's characters taken apart from their surroundings. A mysterious Council of Three, preserving a secret and continuous existence throughout American history, from the beginning, and apparently pledged to transform the United States from a large institution into a great nation, must presumably be taken as a flight of the fancy which evolved "Mr. Isaacs," or a suggestion for dealing with modern politics by means of occult machinery.

Mr. F. Anstey's ten stories, under the collective title of "The Black Poodle, and Other Tales" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), are much better worth republication than such reprints in general. The principal story is familiar to all readers of the magazines, and Bingo and his murderer have taken a lasting place in serio-comic literature. Mr. Anstey has a decided turn for dog stories, and many will think the pathos of "A Farewell Appearance," in which a dog and a little girl are hero and heroine, the best thing in the

volume. In burlesquing ancient mythology and history, on the other hand, the author is anything but happy. The tragedy of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra is not exactly a subject to be grinned at through a horse-collar; and, if it were, Mr. Anstey's particular sort of grin is painfully forced. In a higher form of the sort of grotesque, where Tragedy is made to smile while Comedy is near to weeping, he is excellent, and the effect of this is heightened by a peculiar knack of giving a phrase an unexpected sort of turn—an original form of wit, too subtle for description without help from examples which would be injured by extracting. Readers will easily find them for themselves, and may be cordially recommended to make so pleasant an adventure.



MR. LITTLE'S "Madagascar: Its History and People" (Blackwood), is to our thinking a very small book on a great subject. Dedicated to His Excellency Rainilaiarivony and the people of Madagascar by one who has lived a long time at Andovoranto, it might fairly be expected to add much to our knowledge of the subject. It fails to do so. Mr. Little is needlessly perplexed about the origin of the Malagasy, though of course he allows that the Hovas (the place of whose landing is pointed out) are Malays. If, with him, we call Madagascar the England of Africa, the Hovas are its Vikings; and it is very sad to learn that their energies are being sapped by that Mauritius rum which we insist on forcing on them, and which is far more permanently harmful than French bombshells. Ethnically as well as zoologically the island seems wholly disconnected with the neighbouring continent; the Betsimisarakas of the east coast are probably not negroes but negritos. Centralisation under Hova rulers is Mr. Little's panacea. The French troubles he speaks lightly of, deeming them temporary and unimportant. The Hovas are shrewd business folks, clever mechanics (don't trust them with your watch, though); and, like some other converts, they are apt to get unpleasantly bumptious: "Some of the native teachers and preachers are foppish and conceited; and a little more frankness on the part of their friends and counsellors on the advantages of thoroughness and plodding would be very useful, especially to the coming men of the country." Mr. Little's notes on the fever and how to escape it are very practical; his frankness as to the need of "opening up the country" is commendable.

In some things a West of Ireland convert is like a Christianised Hova. Not that he drinks more whisky than before, but he is apt to show the self-conceit (though seldom the foppishness) of which Mr. Little complains. Of "Edward Nangle" (Hatchards) we wish to speak with the greatest respect. He was an enthusiast, and an enthusiast's life always presents points of interest. Besides, he was at the same school as Sir T. F. Buxton, General Pennefather, and other noted men, and was mixed up in his mission work with "Tract Parnell" and with Lady Franklin. He did for a pittance what rectors of the still Established Church did not do for their large incomes. But we object to the cult of Cardinal Newman being stigmatised as idolatry; and the English reader must not be misled by the Achill islanders being called "natives." They are much like the West Cornish, save that they are still bi-linguals; and mine host at the Hotel is a contributor to *Land and Water*. We do not care to point out errors; but 1846 was not a year of bad harvests; the Irish corn crops were most abundant; and O'Connell called Dr. M'Hale the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, not of Dan.

Would that Mr. W. Robinson, of the *Garden* newspaper, at whose request Mr. Miller compiled his "Dictionary of English Names of Plants" (Murray), could succeed in bringing those names into more general use, instead of "the pile of heterogeneous words, all but barren of interest in themselves, which have been allowed to stand as a barrier between our people and the fairest gate of knowledge." It is not so long ago that gardeners took to talking like him of whom Crabbe complains: "He *Allium* calls his onions and his leeks, And *Artemisia* grows where wormwood grew;" but we sadly fear, in spite of Professor Earle's optimism in "English Plant Names," that the average British peasant knows little more of the English than he does of the Latin names. With the disuse of simples the need for knowing them has died out. We are glad of the quotation from Mr. Ruskin's "Proserpina" about the absurdity of using for plants "a doggish mixture of the refuse of both Latin and English," because it hits what we take to be as big a blot as calling butterwort *Pinguicula*, viz., using Latin names for common garden flowers. Why not Californian poppy for *Eschscholtzia*, and Honey-locust for *Gleditsia*? American nurserymen, it appears, always in their catalogues give both names. Of course, some weeds have no English name; bugloss, for instance, is really as foreign as *Echium*. We heartily wish success to Mr. Miller's book and to the reform which it is meant to pioneer.

By limiting "The Courtenay Mantelpiece" (Office of the *Torquay Directory*) to private circulation, Miss Halliday withholds a real treat from all lovers of good work, fittingly printed on fine, thick paper, in splendid type. Her memoir of Dr. Peter Courtenay, successively Bishop of Exeter and of Winchester, grandnephew of that Bishop of Norwich, Richard Courtenay, who owed his education to William Courtenay, the Archbishop, is followed by Mr. Roscoe Gibbs's notes on the Cathedral, especially on the Great Peter Bell, and on the Mantelpiece, which is so treasured an ornament of the Episcopal Palace, and of which Mr. Gibbs gives (besides small details) a large sheet engraving. The notes on Powderham Church, where several Courtenays are buried, are interesting.

It is "in consequence of a want frequently expressed" that Mr. F. J. Lloyd has been led to shape his King's College lectures into "The Science of Agriculture" (Longmans). His name is sufficient warrant for the mastery with which the want is met and the question solved "how far agriculture, being an art, can be learned from a text-book." The modern farmer has to bring geology, and chemistry, and botany, and animal physiology, to bear on his work; and Mr. Lloyd shows him how and why he must do this. Landlords, too, may learn a great deal from this book. Despite the grand example set at Holkham, hundreds of acres still breed nothing but rabbits, for want of that ploughing down to the marl which the first Earl of Leicester so successfully introduced. Mr. Lloyd deals with the origin of soils and their classification, with the profitable application of manures, the history of drainage, the management of live stock, &c. In fact, his book is thorough and comprehensive.

Bishop Walsham How, in his preface to "The Sere and Yellow Leaf" (Macmillan), is right in speaking of its "calm, soothing, restful influence." It is a delightful little book, full of those shrewd, loving reflections which are the ripened fruit of a life spent in calm well doing. One must read in order to appreciate the way in which Miss Wilbraham passes from discussing the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" to advising mothers to abdicate in time, and give their daughters a share in the housekeeping; and from the little boy who got well whipped for crying out that his nursery was on fire to the aged sufferer who would take no anodyne, but "would keep her senses clear for prayer."

Somewhat, "Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir G. T. Napier" (Murray) seems to match with the little book just noticed. There is the same cheerfulness, the same wide sympathies. Napier feels for every one; for the French prisoners so ill-used in our prisons, for the brave men whom he is obliged to shoot down,

for old soldiers, even when they are sad drunkards and Irish Catholics to boot. The "Passages" were written in 1828 for his children, one of whom, General W. C. Napier, now edits them. The bright, sparkling descriptions are what might be expected from a Napier; the reflections on military punishments happily belong to the past.

Mr. A. Maskell makes the copies of Russian art treasures, which Earl Granville in 1882 obtained for South Kensington through Prince Lobanoff, the text of a very complete "Handbook of Russian Art" (Chapman and Hall). Following, in the main, the *Art Russe* of M. Viollet le Duc, he begins with Scythian and Greco-Scythian art, of which such a number of examples were found in the famous Koul Oba tumulus. He then treats of Siberian antiquities, and next describes the Treasuries, sacred and secular, at Moscow; and, after dealing with "Arms and Armour," he winds up with a very interesting chapter on "English Plate in Russia."

Another of the South Kensington handbooks is "French Pottery," MM. Garnault and Garnier are not afraid to confess weaknesses. They point out, for instance, the great falling off in Meuvonian compared with Gallo-Roman art, and the strange backwardness of French *faience* in the sixteenth century, with the notable exceptions of the Oiron (Henri deux) and the Palisy ware. This is the stranger because, so soon after, French *faience* became exceptionally original and very excellent in workmanship—witness the Nevers work, that of Rouen and its school, of Strasburg, &c. After *faience* came porcelain, of which the soft kind, chiefly made at Rouen, St. Cloud, &c., is essentially French. Our authors give all the *sevres* and other marks, and have some good remarks on ceramics in the nineteenth century.

Professor Church's companion handbook on "English Earthenware" goes carefully through the English schools, from the Wrotham and Weildon slip ware, the Lambeth delft, and the Fulham stone-ware, to the many potteries which, chiefly in the North, followed Wedgwood. He also has a very good introduction on the different kinds of Romano-British ware found at different centres—the yellow Caistor ware, wholly distinct from the black ware of Upthorpe, for instance. Stoneware came into England later even than the French. Of course, we had our green-glazed pitchers and ewer-stylers, as the French had their Limoges enamels; but the latter half of the seventeenth century is the earliest date that can be assigned to Fulham and even to Wrotham ware. The Elizabethan and Jacobean "greybeards," &c., are nearly all foreign.

Dr. Bersier's "Coligny" (Hodder and Stoughton) deals with that part of the great Admiral's life of which most English readers know little or nothing. His descent, his earliest fears in arms, including an attack on the Isle of Wight in 1543, his share as Admiral in promoting the settlements in America about 1550, one of which (Villegagnon's Colony to Brazil) failed as disastrously as the Scotch settlement in Darien, his interview with Charles V. at Brussels, his capture at St. Quentin, the growth during his imprisonment of his new opinions, and the share which his wife Charlotte de Laval had in forming them—all this, down to the breaking out of the religious war in 1552, is vividly described. It is a deeply interesting story admirably told. Miss Holmden's translation is very creditably done.

Miss Agnes Giberne's "Among the Stars" (Sedley) is a delightful book, if only children can be got to read it. Unhappily, in our experience, good children of the Ikon type are rare; and most boys, instead of welcoming Herr Lehrer's very simple and interesting teaching, would find it very dull, and would much prefer "The Boy Hunters," or even a Christmas fairy tale. What we should do with the book (if we had several copies) is to keep one for ourselves, for it puts things in a very clear comprehensible way, and give the rest to parents like Ikon's father, who think that teaching can be done by deputy. It will help them to take on themselves a father's duty—the duty, viz., of instilling into their children the first notions of science.

Mr. G. W. Bacon has issued a large wall-map of England and Wales for use in schools. Different sizes of type indicate the relative importance of the towns, and circles, squares, &c., show the amount of population. The lengths of the rivers and the dates of battles are marked in figures, and the map is clearly printed and not overlaid with names.

## CHRISTMAS MUSIC

J. BATIL.—At this festive season music of a comic character takes precedence of classical compositions; it is considered incumbent upon us to laugh and be merry, hence we are not surprised to find in our budget many songs, if not wise, at least very funny. Cleverest among the clever nonsense-songs of the day is "The Old Gown, or The Lost Figure," written by Arthur Law, composed and sung by Corney Grain. The words are irresistibly laughable; the musical setting is a very clever parody upon Messrs. Hamond, Cowen, Barri, et Cie.—Where the comic element is to be found, George Grossmith is sure to take a foremost rank, sometimes in the three-fold character of poet, composer, and vocalist, as is the case with "An Old English Ballad Gone wrong," which is a tale of retributive justice; "See Me Reverse," a humorous vaudeville, is somewhat laboured in its facetiousness; and the "Duke of Devon Dials," which is the most genuinely comic of the three. For "A Peculiar Man," Robert Reece has supplied the humorous words. A formidable rival to Grossmith as a writer of comic songs is Herbert Harraden, who has written and composed five funny songs; he must have strong nerves so to do. Most original of the group is "Nut-shell Novels," a sensational song, which tells of a writer, who says, "I do not publish novels but the plots I fabricate." This is an amusing skit upon the sensational literature of the day; and will move the most solemn audience to laughter. A trifle less original and amusing is "The Matrimonial Noose," yet many will laugh vigorously at and chorus this song, as they will do "Tally-Ho," a humorous hunting song, suitable for a *machef's* party in an old manor house.—"My Sweet, I Love You," a "Sneezing Serenade," is very droll, but must be sung with solemnity of countenance or it will lose its point.—To do justice to "Beppo" the singer must be able to assume a strong foreign accent.—Admirers of the feline tribe will feel a deep sympathy with "Tabby's Catastrophe," written and composed by Brandon Thomas, who has not been so successful with "A Thickening of the Tympanum," the wit of which is somewhat laboured. The above composer will probably find more admirers for a sentimental song than for his comic effusions "Tell Her, Ye Stars," with its pretty little bit of chorus, will prove a pleasing precursor to the more lively ballads which should follow later in the evening. Of the same pathetic type is "Haunted," written and composed by "Nella" and Odoardo Barri, with violin obligato *ad lib.*, published in three keys. The Replete with good hearty sentiment is "The Merry Miller," the racy words by A. C. Hewitt, the music by Michael Watson. "Bath's Shilling Dance Album" gives us its full value and to spare in six excellent specimens of dance music by G. J. Rubini.

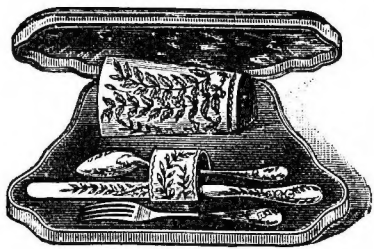
MISCELLANEOUS.—"Ride A Cock Horse," a set of singing quadrilles on old nursery rhymes, to be sung with or without piano accompaniment, arranged by Martinus Thomson, will thrill with delight the juvenile dancers from the school-room and nursery. Equally pleasing to the grown-up young people will be "The Lass of Gowrie Quadrilles," arranged upon popular old Scotch tunes by W. Groves (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co., Dundee).—Those of our readers who have little to spend will find enough for their money in "Guest's Musical Entertainer" (Vol. IX.), which issues its fourth Christmas Number, containing twenty-seven songs, dances, and pianoforte duets, drum and fife band music, recitations, &c., for twopence (J. Guest).



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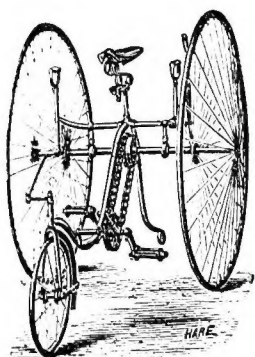
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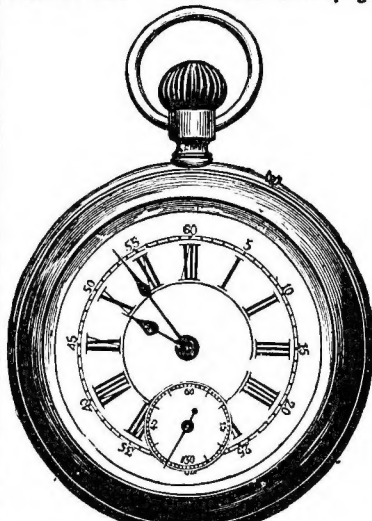
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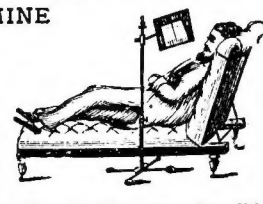


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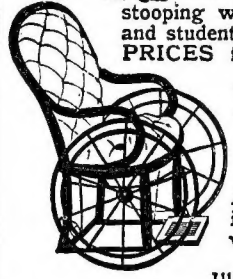


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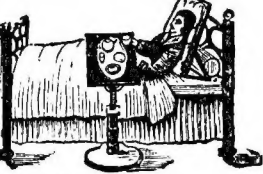


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